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EARL EVANS BURNED TO DEATH IN HIS HOME.

5-Year-Old Boy Lost His Life Monday Night.

FOUND CHARRED BODY NEXT DAY.

Home of Eugene Evans Totally Destroyed—Fire Discovered by Married Sister of Boy But Too Late to Save Him—He Was Awakened But Was Afraid to Jump From Second Story Window.

Earl, the nine-year-old son of Mr and Mrs. Eugene Evans who resided on the Jay Stickles farm, which was later the Erastus Curtis farm, about a mile north of East Smethport, lost his life in a fire which destroyed the house on Monday evening at about 8 o'clock

The fire which broke out between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening was discovered by Mrs. Emma McCready who was asleep in a downstairs bedroom with her ten-months-old child, Beatrice Iva Evans, aged 7 years and Walter Evans, aged 4 years were asleep in the lower part of the house and Earl was asleep in one of the rooms on the second floor Mrs. Evans and her 12-year-old daughter, Edna, were at East Smethport, attending church and Mr Evans and the neighbors were out hunting Mrs McCready and the 6th children above named were unaware tired and had retired about 7 o'clock.

Mrs McCready was awakened by the sound of something falling and discovered that the house was full of smoke and that the kitchen was all on fire She hurriedly awoke and got the three children on the first floor of the burning building, but she was unable to get up stairs to assist the other brother. However, he had awakened and, after trying to get down stairs, ran to the window where Mrs McCready saw him and called to him to "smash the window and jump."

The little fellow answered "I can't do it," and disappeared from the window and that was the last anyone saw of him until his charred remains were found among the debris in the morning.

When the charred remains of the little fellow were found they were lying on top of the springs of the bed on which the little fellow slept, showing that after he despaired of getting out of the burning building he jumped back in bed and the chances are that he was smothered before he was badly burned and thereby escaped most of the tortures of being burned to death Another point in substantiation of the theory is that no screams or cries of anguish were heard from him after he left the window

When his remains were found his head was burned from his body and the legs and arms were burned away, so that only the bones could be found and the torso was fairly burned to a crisp

What remained of the poor little charred body was taken out of the ruins Tuesday morning, when the fire had burned itself out, by the heart-broken father, who insisted in personally attending to this sad duty. Coroner Sherman of Bradford was notified and, upon hearing the facts, decided that an inquest was unnecessary. The body was prepared for burial and yesterday the remains were taken to Lafayette Corners for burial.

The house, which was a complete loss, belonged to Jay Stickles and he had some insurance on it.

The household goods and farm products in the cellar, belonging to Mr. Evans were also a complete loss and were carried no insurance. Everything that the family possessed, except a few chickens and geese, were lost in the fire and they were left destitute without even a change of clothes and with the remaining children with only their night clothes Thus in one short hour a comfortable and happy family was made penniless, to mourn the loss of a beloved one of their number.

The charitably inclined neighbors and citizens of this borough aided them in their immediate needs ,and others are soliciting donations to give them a fresh start, and all who can afford it should give something to help this unfortunate family. Mr. Evans is 67 years of age and more or less broken down with hard work, and to start a new in life seems rather hard

KILLED AT DUBOIS

A Woman Was Struck by the Morning B. R. & P. Flyer

DuBois, Pa. Oct. 30—Bewildered by the onrush of a passenger locomotive Mrs Merlotte Mercer, a resident of Sandy township, jumped from a rig at the Brady street crossing, at DuBois, at 2 o'clock yesterday morning and was instantly killed, while two others had a narrow escape from the same fate.

The deceased, who was a widow, had started to drive to her home at an early hour in company with James Meade, of DuBois, who had been attentive The rig had been hired from a DuBois liveryman and an employe of the livery designated to drive

At the Brady street crossing the boys, who was driving, pulled up when he saw the rays of the electric headlight of the northbound morning "flyer." He hesitated a moment, then lashed his horse Mrs Mercer, blinded by the glaring light of the big locomotive, grew confused and despite the efforts of the others to hold her, she jumped from the rig almost directly in the path of the on-sweeping engine, and a second later her lifeless body was lying alongside the track The horse had carried the other occupants of the rig to safety

The confusion was such that no one was able to tell the precise nature of the accident, but it is supposed that when the young woman jumped she fell with her head toward the tracks The indications are that she was struck by the step on the pilot of the engine Death was instantaneous

BECKER SENTENCED TO DIE

Lieut. Charles Becker Convicted in New York Last Friday

Lieutenant Charles Becker, charged with procuring the death of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, was convicted of murder in the first degree, shortly after midnight last Friday morning in New York City. The jury was out eight hours

When the verdict of the jury was given in court Becker almost completely broke down and he has been dazed and crushed ever since.

A New York dispatch dated Oct 30 says: Ex-Police Lieutenant, Charles Becker, was today sentenced to death in the electric chair by Justice Goff, in the supreme court, for the murder of Herman Rosenthal Becker took his sentence calmly Judge Goff set the week of December 9th for the execution Becker was immediately ordered to the death house in Sing Sing Sentence was imposed at 10:35 Mrs. Becker was present in the court room She bore up with wonderful fortitude Sheriff Harburger was prepared to take Becker to Sing Sing on the 11:50 train Becker asked ten days in which to wind up his affairs, but the sheriff refused to grant this

Attorney Hart presented a motion for a new trial, but was overruled by Justice Goff.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

McKean Lodge No. 388, F. and A. M. on Death of J. Colegrove

Whereas, the Great Architect of the Universe, in his wisdom, has seen fit to call to rest our brother, Johnathan Colegrove

Be it resolved, That, in his death, McKean Lodge No 388 F. & A. M. has lost a true, honest and sincere member who for many years has faithfully performed the duties of a Master Mason to his Lodge and in his associations with his fellow men was guided by the high moral teachings of our Fraternity.

That, in his death, we are all made mindful of the uncertainty of life, our own frailty and the need of continued dependence upon Divine Providence.

That, bowing as we do, in humble submission to the Divine will we mourn the loss of our deceased Brother.

Be it Further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow of our deceased Brother, also a copy to be sent to his son, our Brother Albert L. Colegrove, and spread in full upon the minutes

RALPH E. BURDICK,
GUY M'COY,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
Committee.

Subscribe for The Miner.

VICE-PRESIDENT JAMES S. SHERMAN IS DEAD.

The End Came Last Evening at 9:42 O'clock.

A NOTABLE CAREER IS ENDED.

Uraemic Poisoning, Due to Bright's Disease, Was the Cause of Death—The Vice President Had Been Unconscious During the Day, Having But Two Brief Rallies From His Stupor—He Died at 9:43 O'Clock Last Night.

Utica, N. Y., Oct. 30—After a long illness, Vice President James Schoolcraft Sherman died at his home in this city at 9:42 o'clock tonight of uraemic poison caused by Bright's disease.

He had been sinking ever since early morning and it was realized that death was a question of only a few hours There was slight relief shortly after 7 o'clock, but it did not prove real or lasting and at best gave only temporary hope. At 9 o'clock the temperature rose to 108 From that time the condition rapidly passed from bad to worse until the end. He was unconscious when the end came and had been in that condition for hours with but slight change

All the members of the immediate family were witnesses of the final scene In addition to Mrs Sherman there were their three sons, Sherill, Rachard U, and Thomas M Sherman, and their respective wives, R W and Sandford Sherman, brothers of Mr. Sherman and Mrs L B. Moore and Mrs H J Cookingham, sisters of Mrs. Sherman.

Vice President Sherman was born in Utica on October 24, 1855 He was married in 1881 to Carrie Babcock at East Orange, N. J. They have three sons, Sherill, Richard U, and Thomas M, all living and in business in Utica. The Vice President was an Elk, a trustee of Hamilton college, a member of the Dutch Reformed church, a member of many clubs, and a business man of wide interests

"Sunny Jim" Sherman, as he was familiarly known by his hosts of close personal friends had a brilliant political career. He was a member of Congress for several terms and in the intrim was an able lawyer, and has always been prominent in the politics of the New York State and the nation. His death will be keenly mourned by the whole nation

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

Program of the Interesting Events of the Week

The Teachers' Institute which convenes on Monday of next week will be unusually interesting and therefore we publish a program of the day sessions. The evening entertainments will also be of more than ordinary interest.

Monday Afternoon

1 30—Devotionals.
1 40—"Interrogation Points," Dr Green.
2 30—Institute Music, Prof. Yoder
Decess
3:00—"An Educational Sandwich," Dr Pattengill

Monday Evening

8:15—Lyceum: Solo "L'Ardita (Magnetic Waltz), Irma Wells.
Solo: Selected, Prof. J. W. Yoder.
Reading, "The Grand Army Man." John F. Chambers.

Tuesday Morning

9:00—Devotionals.
9:00"What Constitutes Good English" Miss Schrieber.
9:50—Institute Music, Prof. Yoder.
Recess.
10:10—"Ten Commandments for the Reader," Dr. Green.
11:00—Department Work.
H. S. Section—"Oxford University and Her Literary Men," Dr. Green.
Grammar Section—"Grease the Squeak," Dr. Pattengill.
Primary Section—"Certain Ideals in Reading," Miss Schrieber.

Tuesday Afternoon

1:30—"The Big 4," (1), Dr. Pattengill
2,30—Institute Music, Prof Yoder
Recess.
Reading—"Miss Perkin's Supper," Irma Wells
3:00—"Ten Commandments for the Reader," Dr Green

Tuesday Evening

8:15—Lyceum Concert: Weather-wax Male Quartette.

Wednesday Morning

9.00—Devotionals.
9.10—"The Big 4," Dr. Pattengill.
9:50—Institute Music, Prof. Yoder.
Recess.
10:10—"The Fountain of Good Habits in English," Miss Schrieber.
11:00—Department Work.
H. S. Section—"Athletics as an Ally," Dr. Pattengill.
Grammar Section—"Suggestions on Language Work," Dr. Green
Primary Section—"English for Little Children," Miss Schrieber.

Wednesday Afternoon

1.30—"The Nature and Worth of Wit and Humor," Dr. Green
2:30—Institute Music, Prof. Yoder.
Recess.
Reading, (a) "The Holy City;" (b) "Watchin' the Sparkin," Irma Wells.
3:00—Lecture, "The Teacher's Problem," Dr. R B Teitrick

Wednesday Evening

8:15—Lyceum: Solo, "A Norwegian Love Song," Irma Wells.
Solo Selected, Prof. J. W. Yoder.
Lecture: "America Facing the Far East," Dr. John Merritte Driver.

Thursday Morning

9:00—Devotionals.
9:10—"Literature and Life," Miss Schrieber.
9.50—Institute Music, Prof. Yoder
Recess
10 10—"Pennsylvania in Literature," Dr. Green.
11:00—Department Work.
H. S. Section—Selected, Dr. Sparks.
Grammar Section—Selected, Dr Teitrick.
Primary Section—"Primary Arithmetic," Miss Schrieber.

Thursday Afternoon

1:30—"America Spells Opportunity." Dr Pattengill
2:30—Institute Music.
Recess
Reading "Counting Eggs," Irma Wells.
3.00—Lecture: "The Simple Virtues," Dr. Edwin E Sparks

Thursday Evening

8 15—Concert. The Anitas and Mrs Dunbar.

Friday Morning

9:00 Devotionals.
9:10—"Biography and History in the Grade," Miss Schrieber
9:45—"A Correlated History Lesson," Dr. Pattengill
10.30—Recess
10:45—"Wireless Messages for the Teacher," Dr. Green.
11:30—Reports of Committees and Adjournment

OPEN YOUR WINDOWS

And Thereby Dodge the Deadly Peril of Pneumonia

Are your bed-room windows tied to the thermometer? Does every drop of a few degrees in temperature on these crisp October nights exert a corresponding influence on the windows of your sleeping room.

To avoid a few moments of fancied discomfort in the morning have you begun to rob yourself of a sufficiency of fresh air for eight hours every night? Perhaps you still cling to the old wives' superstition that "night air is dangerous," though you'd laugh heartily enough at the equally absurd superstition that "seven hairs from the tip of the tail of a black cat owned by a cross-eyed woman is a potent charm against the ague."

Suppose you found your laundress washing your clothes in last weeks' wash water, of course you would wax wrathful at her slovenliness. It is equally uncleanly and vastly more dangerous to try to force your lungs to purify your blood with foul and stagnant air.

Pneumonia with its high death rate is a sure accompaniment of the winter months, not because of the lowered temperature, but because of the ill-ventilated, over-heated homes, shops, school houses, work-rooms and cars. Pure air, day and night, is your safe guard.

Buy an extra blanket hall your windows up, not down, and you will come down to breakfast with a clear head, bright eyes, and ruddy cheeks.

WANTED

A man to represent the Singer Sewing Machine Co, in the towns of Smethport, Eldred, Port Allegany and Norwich. Apply to Singer Sewing Machine Co., Daniel Bacon, manager, Du Bois, Pa. tf-Adv.

Wanted—A girl for general house work family of three. Geo J. Chase, Cemetery St., Smethport, Pa.

JOHN C. HAMLIN DIED FRIDAY MORNING.

One of Our Old and Esteemed Residents Goes to Final Reward.

FORMERLY PROMINENT MERCHANT.

Was In Business In Smethport for Upwards of Fifty Years—End of a Long and Useful Christian Life—Funeral Services Held Saturday Afternoon at St. Lukes Church.

This community was filled with sorrow and a sense of loss, to hear, on last Friday morning of the death of Mr. J. C. Hamlin, one of Smethport's oldest and most highly esteemed citizens, whose whole life has been spent in this place. The funeral service were held at St. Lukes Church on Saturday, the Rev. W. E. Van-Dyke and the Rev. J. H. McCandless, officiating.

We take the following from the "History of McKean, Cameron and Potter Counties of Penna," published in 1890:

"John Cogswell Hamlin, hardware merchant, son of Orlo J. and Orra L Hamlin, born March 4, 1836, at Smethport, McKean county, Pa., where he was educated and where, in 1865 he opened the first store exclusively for hardware, a business he still engaged in up to 1908. In 1857 he married Charlotte M. McCoy, daughter of Dr Wm Y. McCoy, one of the first practicing physicians of Smethport, which union was blessed with three children Wm O., C Aline (now Mrs Lewis H Robinson, of Brooklyn, N Y.) and Mary E (now Mrs Charles Bosworth, also of Brooklyn, N Y.). Wm. O married Miss Julia Lightbody, and is also a resident of Brooklyn. Mr. Hamlin is a member of McKean Lodge F. & A. M, No 388; of Bradford Chapter, R. A. M, and Trinity Commandery, No 78, Knights Templar He is a Democrat, but not a politician, devoting his time and energies to business cares He and his family are members of St. Lukes Episcopal church. The foundation and prosperity of the church affard an example of the reward of twenty years of untiring labor by Mr. and Mrs Hamlin, who maintained the Sunday school, and church affairs in general, from 1857 to about 1880, when St. Luke's had grown to be a strong parish, and since then it has become one of the largest and most flourishing in the country."

The above brief extract refers to a few leading facts in the outward history of Mr Hamlin's long life of 78 years. The character of his life was shown in those inward qualities of mind and soul, which reveal every man as he is, independent of circumstances. A few prominent traits blended together to form his well settled, well known character which was simple, cheerful and strong. His life displayed integrity, loyalty, sincerity, charity. His words were truth; he was reliable, honorable and honest; his integrity was one of the chief assets of his business He was loyal in all his relations, in his faith and duty. Sincerity marked him, he was without pretense or deceit, and was frank and genuine. And, best of all, there was charity enfolding all, the charity which "thinketh no evil;" the disposition to think well of others; the "good will," which ought to be so easy and natural, but which is so strangely withheld and repressed in many lives. After thirty-two years of close friendship, the writer cannot remember a single occasion of a censorious or uncharitable criticism, made by his friend, who would keep silent where he could not excuse and defend. Measured by the one true standard—the humble, faithful christian life of John Cogswell Hamlin was a success—one receiving the reward of righteousness. His Christian faith was positive, and his Christian life practical. He was the oldest communicant in St. Luke's church; the chief pioneer in establishing it in Smethport; one of the wardens of the church nearly all the last thirty-three years; who never tired in his work for it, and rejoiced over its prosperity. The name and memory of this sturdy and devout Christian man, will not be lost in the church, or in the community.

"May he rest in peace, and may light perpetual shine upon him."

SOME ARGUMENTS FOR TAFT

The Following is Taken From the Philadelphia North American

At the Union League's Taft rally at the Metropolitan Opera House Saturday night, one of the speakers was asked about woman suffrage. He dismissed the question with a banal joke about the man trimming his pajamas with baby ribbon. "Do you know what we call women in politics out in the west?" asked this defender of the constitution. "We call them heiferagettes."

The scores of refined and public-spirited women who went to the meeting, doubtless with open minds, to hear the claims of the Republican candidate presented, were regaled with vulgarities of this character. The genuinely sincere Republicans who attended in the hope of receiving help in defending their party were treated to this exhibition of buffoonery.

Meeting the question of the high cost of living, J. Adam Bede, one of the speakers, said:

"I had seen in New York that day a little incident that had illustrated to me the changed conditions in the world. Getting on a tunnel car at Twenty-third street to go to Jersey City, I saw a sign up, '$500 for spitting on a street car'—and we used to spit anywhere for nothing. Now nobody but millionaires can spit in New York. And common folks just wait until they get over the river and spit on New Jersey."

Here are a few exerpts—arguments for Taft's candidacy—taken from the official stenographer's report of Mr Bede's speech.

"I feel regret for any man who was not raised on a dairy farm, for next to a boy's mother, there is nothing like a cow to teach him good habits."

"I came to the world's fair in Philadelphia as a lad I saw here for the first time a typewriter; that is, the machine Oh, I had seen the attachment before."

"This other crowd, the Progressives, is a good bunch, * * * I told them they were a good bunch of folk, but I said, 'You are taking a joy ride in the dark, but you don't know where in hell you are going.'"

"It looks to me like a pie-eaters' union. Show me any great leader of the Bull Moose party, all along the line from the chief down, and I will show you somebody who has a sore spot or a dissappointment."

"As I said over in New Jersey, the Bull Moose party has no more show than a bowlegged girl in the town where she was raised."

"I was in a community not long ago where the people were gloomy because a Mr. Day had married a Miss Week, and they were regretting the loss of time It turned a Week into a Day. But a country editor was an optimist. He said, 'What's the use? A week is lost, a day is gained Why should we complain, for soon there will be Days enough to make a week again.'"

These are not the utterances of an irresponsible individual They are the words of one of the two men hired to "dog" Roosevelt, men selected by the Republican national committee because of their peculiar fitness to present the claims of Mr. Taft.

This mental wallow which we have quoted is the tory answer to the Progressive party's challenge in the name of humanity.

Mr. Taft's administration was directly represented at the Union League meeting by Franklin MacVeagh, his secretary of the treasury, who indorsed the two "trailers" of Roosevelt in the following language:

"My friends, Harlan and Bede, have been doing such remarkable work that I have been crazy to hear them, and that's why I am here. They are here, and they cannot get away from here, and I am going to have a very great and much-coveted pleasure. I especially want to listen to the gentlemen, because they entertain a feeling and conviction of mind of my own that the so-called Progressive party is perhaps the least progressive party in the campaign."

MOTOR CARS FOR SALE.

One 1910 model 30 Cadilac five passenger car with fore doors and all modern equipment at a great sacrifice.

One 1-cylinder Cadilac in good running condition, price $65.00.

One two- or four-passenger steamer in fine condition, price $150.

Inquire of

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.,
Adv. Smethport, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

The American Girl

Why Her British Sister Can't Compete With Her

By F. A. MITCHEL

Two gentlemen were sitting together in the Carleton club in London smoking and sipping the beverage before them, the topic of conversation falling upon the American women who were then beginning to capture scions of nobility in England.

"How do they do it?" asked one, a burly man with mutton chop whiskers.

"They've got so much in 'em" replied the other, a tall man with a drooping blond mustache.

"Have you ever had any experience with them?" asked the burly man.

"Experience? Well, I should think so," said the other with a smile that indicated he could tell a story if he would. Then, setting down the glass he was sipping from, he turned to his friend and added, "It's all past and gone now, and I can't see how any harm can come from my telling you about it."

"About what?"

"That's what I'm going to give you, but I mustn't begin at the wrong end you know. It happened when I first went into the diplomatic corps and was attached to the Paris legation as secretary. At that time the eyes of the powers were concentrated on Egypt and the Suez canal. Our government wanted to get its hands on it in order that it might maintain a supremacy in Egypt as well as in maritime affairs, both merchant and navy. But it wasn't a case of grabbing things as we'd been used to doing—that is, signifying a wish to open trade with a people, then getting them in debt to us, then send in a few war vessels to collect the debt, then assume a protectorate to see that the thing didn't occur again. Oh, no! It wasn't any such simple case as that.

"Well, the premier and all the cabinet here were thinking and scheming as to what kind of a trick could be played to get control of the canal and yet keep within the law of nations. One morning my chief, the ambassador, sent for me in hot haste, and when I appeared he locked all the doors, closed all the windows and whispered in my ear:

"'There's a large block of stock of the Suez canal offered for sale. The German embassy has got hold of the fact, and Count von Sterlitz, one of its best men, will start for Berlin on the 6 o'clock train to inform his government of the fact in order that it may buy this controlling interest. I am going to rely upon you to delay him while I send a man across the channel to represent the matter to the premier in London, that he may make the purchase for England. Now, gather your wits and go to work. I know you have a genius for such matters and won't fail me.'

"This last was taffy, you know, and the ambassador only said it to spur me on.

"'Have you been informed how Von Sterlitz will travel?' I asked.

"'I have. My informant got it from his valet. The count has told the valet to have a grip with toilet articles ready for him at 5 o'clock and to call a cab off the street at 5:30.'

"'Very well; I will do the best I can in the matter, but you have given me a very delicate job to perform. Let us hope for the best.'

"It was then 11 o'clock in the morning, and I had made an engagement to lunch with Miss Alice Stringfellow, an American to whom I had been paying some attention, which I flattered myself had not been disagreeable to her. I left the embassy intending to send her word that I was unable to keep my appointment when it occurred to me in my perplexity that a woman in a matter of duplicity is worth a dozen men, and, calling for a cab, I drove straight to her house.

"I had nothing to fear in giving her my confidence, for she was not involved in diplomatic chicanery and the United States was not especially interested in the Suez canal. At any rate, I threw caution to the winds, told her what I had been directed to do and begged her for heaven's sake to give me an idea.

"'It is now 11:30,' she said, glancing at a clock, and you have but six hours to form a plan and execute it—that is, if you intend to prevent the count's reaching his train. I think this should be done if possible. If not some one must go with him, trusting to find an opportunity to delay him on the way or from communicating with his government on his arrival at the capital.'

"'Good gracious!' I exclaimed. 'You have got it in a nutshell!'

"I was so bewildered myself that the rapidity and clearness with which her brain worked astonished me. I sat gaping at her while her fair brows were drawn together with intense thought. Presently she arose and paced the floor, still thinking. It was half an hour before she spoke, I all the while sitting like a dunce waiting for her to solve the problem.

"'Suppose,' she said, suddenly pausing in her walk and turning to me, 'that I can suggest a way of kidnaping the count. Do you know of any place where you can take him and keep him for awhile?'

"This gave me something definite to think about, and I concentrated my mind on it, but to no purpose.

"'Never mind,' said my counselor; 'you can take him anywhere, for if my plan is carried out it won't make much difference so long as you take him where he will not be known. Now listen.'

"She gave me her plan. I didn't have much confidence in being able to carry it out and told her so, whereupon she said that the principal part of any plan was the ability with which it was executed. I left her that I might make the arrangements she suggested, hoping that I would be able to do so in the brief time allotted. My adviser promised to be on hand and do all she could to prevent any slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'

"At 5 o'clock, dressed in the plain livery of a cabman and my face made up, I drove my cab to a point near the ambassador's house and waited. Cabs were passing, some empty, some with a fare inside. I had maintained my position for some time when the door of the count's residence opened and his valet came out bareheaded and looked up and down the street. As ill luck would have it, an empty cab was passing and nearer to him than I. He hailed the other cabman.

"I was in an agony of disappointment when a lady appeared—I knew not from whence—and called the cab man the valet had hailed. He pulled up to the sidewalk, and the lady got into his cab, leaving my vehicle the only one in sight. The valet beckoned me, and I drove up to the door of the count's abode.

"In ten minutes Von Sterlitz appeared, carrying his own grip. His valet opened my cab door for him and told me to drive to the station. I drove away feeling that the principal crisis was past, and my heart was full of thankfulness to Miss Stringfellow whom I recognized as the lady who had turned the scale in my favor by taking the other cab.

"During the afternoon I had purchased my vehicle, including its driver's clothes, and it had been delivered at a stable where I kept my horses. I had secured a short rubber tube and, having bored a hole in the cab just back of the driver's seat, had introduced one end of the tube into the cab. On the other end was a rubber bulb, in which had been placed a substance I had purchased from a chemist which, blown into the carriage, would render the occupant temporarily insensible.

"Purposely driving through a street but little used for a thoroughfare, I pressed the bulb. I heard the count try to let down a window, but I had driven a nail in both window frames, so that neither could be moved. He cried out to me to stop and tried to open the door, but I had employed a locksmith to alter the lock, so that it could not be opened from the inside.

"The count's efforts soon ceased, and I whipped up my horse, driving straight to a retreat for invalids I had in mind, and on reaching it told the physician in charge that I had picked up a fare who had acted very strangely and on opening my cab door I had found him insensible. The count was carried into the building and put into a room, where the doctor sought to revive him. Before he succeeded I said:

"'Doctor, when this gentleman comes to himself you're not going to turn him loose, are you?'

"'Not till we know who he is.'

"'He told me a wild story about being in the employ of the German government, and I think he's crazy. If you let him go without summoning his friends to take him away you'll do it on your own responsibility.'

"'Never fear. I'll exercise a proper caution.'

"By the time I left the retreat the evening train had started for Berlin, and there was no other till early morning. I drove to my stable, assumed my proper clothing and hurried to the residence of Miss Stringfellow. I had been half in love with her for some time, and in the exuberance of my gratitude and admiration I told her that if I couldn't go through life with her for a companion I would not go through it at all. That's the way the American girl plays her game."

"That's all right," said the burly man, "but how about the controlling interest in the Suez canal?"

"Count Sterlitz didn't succeed in getting out of the retreat till about noon the next day and couldn't get a train for Berlin till 6 o'clock in the evening. Meanwhile the morning after I had done my work the premier was awakened before daylight to be told that the stock was for sale, and, getting out of bed, he consummated an arrangement to buy it. It was duly purchased, and today, though England has no treaty rights above other powers in the Suez canal, she owns a controlling interest in it."

"And your wife was"—

"Miss Alice Stringfellow, and you are the only man outside diplomatic circles who knows that England's interest in the canal was obtained through the ingenuity of an American girl. My marrying her gained me the post I so long occupied at Washington, and my whole advancement in the corps is due to her."

"Did Von Sterlitz ever discover who had kidnaped him?"

"Not except that it had been done by some one in the interest of the British ambassador. We guarded the secret carefully, for it would never do for a British diplomat to be known as descending to act the part I played. It would have been all right to hire some one to do it, but for a secretary of legation to play cabman would not accord with the dignity of the British nation."

ORIGIN OF THE PEARL.

The Prized Gem Only the Brilliant Sarcophagus of a Worm.

Science has discovered the real origin of the pearl to be a worm. Dr. Hugh M. Smith gives some interesting information on this subject in the National Geographic Magazine.

We know that almost any foreign body—a grain of sand, a bit of mud or shell, a piece of seaweed or a small animal—may by its irritation cause the mollusk to cover it with nacre and make it the nucleus of a pearl, but the largest part of the annual pearl crop of the world is due to parasites that normally pass a part of their life cycle within the shell of the pearl oyster.

Minute spherical larvae of marine worms known as cestodes become imbedded in the soft tissues, as many as forty having been found in one Ceylon oyster. As the result of irritation the oyster forms a protecting sac about the intruder, and then, if the larva dies, its body is gradually converted into carbonate of lime, and the pearly mass proceeds to grow with the shell.

If the larva lives it may pass into the body of the strong jawed trigger fishes which prey on the pearl oysters, there undergoing further development. Ultimately it reaches the body of the great rays, which in turn eat the trigger fishes. In the rays the worms attain full development and produce larvae that are cast into the sea and find lodgment in pearl oysters. Thus the cycle is begun once more.

We may literally accept the saying of a celebrated French investigator that "the most beautiful pearl is in reality only the brilliant sarcophagus of a worm."

FAITH OF THE FOREST.

Curious Traits of One of the Savage Tribes of Siberia.

Concerning one of the obscure races of northwestern Siberia a traveler writes: "A few of the traits of these curious people may prove of interest, as they show that environment is the strongest factor in determining character. Their intense superstition is accounted for by innate fear of all things they cannot understand. Their shyness, dislike of strangers and dread of their lamas and chiefs are again the result of superstition and seclusion. Sadness and melancholia are stamped on their faces, as is natural to a people who are in constant fear of the genii of the mountains, rivers and forests, whose whole time is taken up with propitiating the gods lest evil befall them.

"The Urlankhai is a product of the forest as the Arab is of the desert. The one is the antithesis of the other. Environment has molded the character of each to fit surroundings. The fearless belief or in one God, the nomad of the sunlit desert, compares strikingly with the superstitious inhabitants of dark, damp forests, fearsome of evil spirits and cringing under their witch doctors.

"All through life the forest dweller is in fear of offending the deities, and at death his corpse is carried out and placed on some lone hilltop, where the wild beasts are expected to devour it if the man has led a good life, but bad Urlankhai have not that doubtful honor bestowed upon them."—Chicago News.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to article nine, section four, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, authorizing the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the improvement of the highways of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof.—

That section four of article nine which reads as follows:

"Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiency in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars," be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, supress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiencies in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars. Provided, however, That the General Assembly, irrespective of any debt, may authorize the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and rebuilding the highways of the Commonwealth.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section seven, article three, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, so as to permit special legislation regulating labor.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment to Article Three, Section Seven.

Section 2. Amend section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension, or impairing of liens.

"Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts;

"Changing the names of persons or places;

"Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases;

"Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys.

"Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State.

"Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys.

"Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State;

"Authorizing the adoption or legitimating of children;

"Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties, or changing county lines;

"Incorporating cities, towns or villages, or changing their charters.

"For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting.

"Granting divorces.

"Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits or school districts.

"Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election and school districts;

"Changing the law of descent or succession;

"Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcement of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate;

"Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables;

"Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes;

"Fixing the rate of interest.

"Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment.

"Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury;

"Exempting property from taxation;

"Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing;

"Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof;

"Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association or individual the right to lay down a railroad track.

"Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

"Nor shall any law be passed granting powers and privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for," so as to read as follows:—

Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension or impairing of liens:

Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

Changing the names of persons or places:

Changing of venue in civil or criminal cases:

Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys;

Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

Authorizing the adoption, or legitimation of children:

Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties, or changing county lines:

Incorporating cities, towns or villages, by changing their charters:

For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

Granting divorces:

Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits or school districts.

Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

Changing the law of descent or succession;

Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate.

Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for that purpose:

Fixing the rate of interest:

Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury

Exempting property from taxation.

Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing; but the legislature may regulate and fix the wages of salaries, the hours of work or labor, and make provision for the protection, welfare and safety of persons employed by the State, or by any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village, or other civil division of the State, or by any contractor or subcontractor performing work, labor or services for the State, or for any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village or other civil division thereof:"

Creating corporations, or amending renewing or extending the charters thereof:

Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down a railroad track.

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Creating corporations, or amending renewing or extending the charters thereof:

Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down a railroad track.

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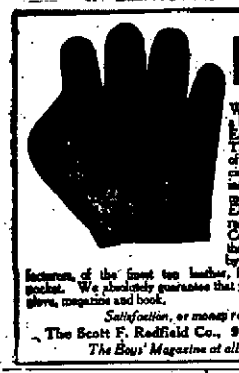

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa. Thursday Oct. 31, 1912

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Vote the straight Washington party ticket.

—Kane will have a big Hallowe'en celebration tonight.

—Wm. Evans has recently painted and otherwise improved his home on Bank street.

—Holiday handkerchiefs and neckwear are advertised by Fry & Comes in this issue.

—H. J. Ellsworth, the grocer, offers some exceptionally good bargains in his space this week.

—William Monheimer is doing some excavating and grading on his lawn on East Main street.

—Read the new advertisement in this issue about Resilio, the great substitute for air in automobile tires.

—Climbing into a tree which his little playmates were hacking with an axe, to get a ride when the tree fell, Harry Kromer, the twelve-year-old son of Christ Kromer, of Adrian, on Saturday afternoon about one o'clock, sustained a dislocation of the neck which will doubtless prove fatal.

—Now that the hunting season opens tomorrow, it may not be out of place to warn all hunters, especially boys, to be careful. Here are a few words of warning: Be sure that no one is in range of your gun before you shoot; do not shoot at a moving object in the brush until you are sure what you are shooting at. It is better to let hundreds of birds and rabbits get away than to wound or kill one human being. Remember this every time you raise your gun to your shoulder and you will have no trouble.

—The Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co., Buffalo's oldest, and perhaps largest department store, is again offering our readers their "Store News" in the way of a display ad which will appear in these columns weekly for some time. This firm has justly earned the title "Second to None" by its nearly half century of honorable dealing. Fast mail, rural routes and free delivery system brings this mammoth store to our very door; making shopping by mail a pleasure and at no additional expense. Try them with an order and see how well they will please you.

—Tuesday's Kane Republican says: Melvin Nelson accidentally discharged a 22-calibre revolver, at his home on Bayard street, yesterday morning just after he had gotten out of bed, and the bullet entered the palm of the left hand, going clear through and coming out just back of the first joint of the thumb. The young man has been in the habit of putting the revolver under his pillow on retiring and removing it in the morning. When he picked it up he thought the safety was set, but evidently it was not, and he accidentally touched the trigger, discharging the gun with the above result. The wound is a serious one and should complications set in, there would be no telling what the result might be.

—Dr. C. J. Marshall, State Veterinarian, received word that W. E. Jones, a cattle dealer at Spragg, Greene county, has plead guilty to the charge brought by the State Live-stock Sanitary Board of bringing dairy cows into Pennsylvania from West Virginia without a health certificate or official permit as is required by law. Mr. Jones paid the fine and costs. The Livestock Sanitary Board officials state they are determined that the interstate law must be complied with and the herds of innocent Pennsylvania dairymen and breeders protected against diseased cattle from other states.

—"I know Bill comes in for a lot of praise because he hunts with a camera instead of a gun," said a friend to me. "It never seems to strike people that there may be more than one kind of brutality." "What's the matter with Bill?" I asked. "Out in Canada last autumn," he resumed, "I went off by myself one day, when Bill was fiddling over his camera, and I stumbled full on a black bear. Because I was the only thing in sight very likely, I became the immediate object of her attentions. I had only a slight lead, but I was going very well when Bill poked thorugh the brush and took in the situation. "Hold on there, old chap!" he yelled "You're too far ahead. I can't get you both in!"

—Voters who want to vote for Roosevelt and Johnson and the whole Progressive ticket must be careful or they will lose a part of their votes at least. The names of Roosevelt and Johnson appear in three columns: Bull Moose, Roosevelt Progressive and the Washington, but in the Bull Moose, and Roosevelt Progressive columns the names of the Washington party candidates for Congress, Senate and Members of Assembly, but a cross in the square opposite the name Washington will be a vote for Roosevelt and Johnson and the whole Progressive ticket.

—Arthur Smith, of Fort Wayne, Ind., proved himself a modern Lochinvar when he placed his fiancee, Miss Aimee Corn, beside him in his biplane and flew to Hillsdale, Mich., seventy-five miles away, where they were married. The parents of the young woman had objected to their marriage, but last night when they learned of the flight and wedding, telegraphed Smith that he would be welcome in their home, but to return with their daughter on a passenger train. Smith, who is only 19 years old, has been making flights for several months in a machine of his own construction. Recently he flew over that city with his fiancee, much to the displeasure of her parents. The trip to Hillsdale was made with one stop seven miles northwest for gasoline. The landing at Hillsdale was made on the college campus, before a large crowd.

—An exchange says: A band of gypsies stopped over at Sheffield Saturday afternoon while on their way through town and told fortunes, but that is not all they did, they also robbed Jim Easton, who had his fortune told, out of ten dollars. In making a settlement of fifty cents for the services he pulled out a pocketbook containing change and bills. The gypsy woman in seeing the bills, made a grab for them, but Easton managed to get it back. When she had gone he thought he would count his money to see if it was all there, but he was minus ten dollars and promptly reported the matter to Chief McFarland, who secured a rig and with Easton drove to Saybrook where he caught up to them. There was a hot time when they got them, as long as it lasted. The Chief wanted to bring the guilty party back to Sheffield, but the men folks, with the band interceded, and paid back the money stolen together with $1.00 which was the costs in running them down.

The Great Difficulty.

"One half the world's happiness is solved when a person learns to mind his own business."

"Yes, but it's the other half that causes the most trouble."

"What's that?"

"Getting other people to mind theirs."—Home Notes.

The Difference.

Tell a woman her face is her fortune and she is complimented. Hint to a man that his cheek is his most valuable asset and he is likely to get mad.—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Guessing.

Amateur Palmist—I think you are going to be married twice. Young Lady—You think! Well, I'd rather you were sure I was going to be married once.—Boston Transcript.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—Horne.

Ventilation.

Have we ever stopped to think how our ancestors two or three generations back lived and flourished with little or no ventilation in their sleeping apartments? The night air used to be considered a very dreadful menace to health and a sure inducer of colds. Bedrooms were kept closely shut, and yet our ancestors, many of them, were hardier than we and lived to good old ages. Animals burrow in their holes at night, breathing the same air over and over again, while birds and fowls tuck their heads under their wings. Of course ventilation is absolutely necessary for proper comfort, cleanliness and health, but people have lived on little or none of it for hundreds and thousands of years.—Exchange.

A Giant Pepys Saw.

King James I. had a gigantic porter eight feet six inches in height, but he was not perfect, being round shouldered, knockkneed and lame in one foot. Of a similar height was Charles Munster, a yeoman of the Hanoverian guard who died in 1670, and seven years before there was being exhibited in London a Dutchman eight feet nine inches high anent whom in Pepys' diary we find the following entry on Aug. 15, 1663: "Went to Charing Cross to see the great Dutchman. I did walk under his arm with my hat on and could not reach his chin with the tips of my fingers."

Happiness.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat while it is in his hand or on his head.

A Safe Wager.

Townley—Some one has said that he is a benefactor of his race who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. Subbubs—I'll bet anything that fellow never had to run a lawn mower.—Boston Transcript.

Two Puns.

Miss Young—After all, what is marriage but a mistery?

Miss Olden—Yes, and what is motherhood but perpetual misery?—London Tit-Bits.

WASTE TURNED TO USE.

Story of a Cauliflower Factory and Its Valuable Juice.

A simple combination of facts, once waste but now utilized in the making of valuable products, is the story of a sauerkraut factory on Long Island. In the manufacture of this German delicacy the juice is pressed out of the cabbages and, as the vegetables are about 90 per cent water or juice, the waste was more than one-half. This juice was allowed to go to waste.

It was an industrial chemist who collected this juice and discovered that it contained much decomposed vegetable matter. There was an organic acid in the juice that seemed worth recovering, and by concentration and filtration the acid was obtained and refined. Today this organic acid forms an important factor in the tanning of skins and in all textile manufacturing.

At first thought it would seem as if the sauerkraut industry was too small to be of importance in recovering such an insignificant byproduct, but there are alone on Long Island upward of twenty such factories, and each one uses some 2,500,000 pounds of cabbages. From each factory there are recovered annually 80,000 gallons of juice, or, in all, 1,500,000 gallons of waste. Multiply these figures by ten and we begin to get an idea of what this factory economy means, for there are similar factories around Chicago, St. Louis and many other large cities.—George Ethelbert Walsh in Leslie's.

BATTING IN BASEBALL.

The Style of Sticks Used by the Sluggers Varies Greatly.

Heavy hitters of the past and present have always been of widely different opinions regarding their bats. Dan Brouthers, the veteran slugger, expressed the feelings of most players when he said the bat makes little difference to a batsman as long as it feels comfortable and the owner looks upon his favorite stick with something like affection.

It can be well added that the style of the batter sometimes has little to do with his hitting, whether it be the choke effect invented by Willie Keeler or the crouch that was Sam Crawford's stock in trade. Young players make the mistake of copying the style of some great batter and of using a club that is as nearly a replica of the great one's as possible.

It used to be said of Larry Lajoie that he could "hit the ball a mile with a toothpick," and Hans Wagner was not particular about the flail he used so long as he could get a ball off the shoulder. As a matter of fact, most of the hard hitters make their long drives from balls that would not have been strikes had they been allowed to go to the catcher. Unless one stands fairly well back from the plate it is difficult to get the shoulders into a drive made from a perfectly pitched ball.—New York World.

Richelieu as an Editor.

The first reporter of France was Louis XIII. The national library possesses the manuscripts of thirty-six articles written by that king. Almost all are accounts of his military operations. These articles were published in the Gazette de France. The "copy," however, did not go directly to the printer. Louis XIII. wrote abominable French and he had vague notions of orthography. His articles were corrected and often entirely rearranged by a secretary named Lucas, who copied them, sending to Richelieu the new manuscript. Richelieu examined it in his turn and often introduced additional corrections. At the siege of Corbie the king wrote a few lines eulogistic of the cardinal, but afterward crossed them out of his article. Richelieu wrote them in again, and so they appeared in the Gazette de France.

Habits of Game Birds.

I was riding along the shore of Great Bear lake, in Utah, one afternoon and, coming suddenly over a rise of ground, surprised a grebe in the edge of the tules. She swam into the lake, turning and calling repeatedly. Then two little grebes appeared, and, swimming low, with only their heads and beaks visible, hurried after their mother. As they overtook her, each one reached out, and, catching the feathers of her back in their beaks, they drew themselves alongside and quickly huddled under her wing, completely hidden. Had I not been a spectator to the act I should never have suspected her of carrying two little "stowaways" as she hurried off.—J. Alden Loring in Outing.

Skillful Flattery.

"How well you look!"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed. I do. I never saw you looking better in my life."

"I'm so glad to hear you say so. I hope you mean it."

"I really do. Only the other night I was saying to my husband that there are a lot of women I know who aren't half so old as you that don't look nearly so young."—Detroit Free Press.

Business Principles.

Dolly—So Simpkins, the cashier of the bank, proposed to you last night?

Polly—Yes, and I promised to marry him.

"Did he ask your father's permission?"

"Yes; he said he would ask papa to indorse my promissory note."

Generous.

"You said that when we were married you would refuse me nothing."

"I'll be still more generous. I'll not even refuse you nothing. I'll give it to you."

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Carriages furnished for all occasions.

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Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.

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We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House
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Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

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We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Local reading notices and legal advertising, 7½ cents per line for each insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices $3.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Pa. Thursday Oct. 31, 1912

The Bible says "the last shall be first and the first last"—The Republican ticket is first on the ballot and the Washington ticket last.

In listening to some of the Democratic spell binders we could not help thinking of those old lines:
"They never taste who always drink,
They always talk, who never think."

The Bulgarians have been victorious in every engagement with the Turks during the past week and now Turkey is willing to make peace on easy terms. The end of the war is probably near at hand.

As the election day grows nearer the Roosevelt strength becomes greater, judging from numerous straw polls taken in many sections of this state. Reports from other states likewise point to great Progressive gains, indicating that there will be a landslide to the colonel on November 5. In Pennsylvania Colonel Roosevelt, in almost every instance where a test is taken gets more votes than all the other candidates put together. Nor is this confined to any one class, but his greatest strength is among the laboring men. The Pittsburg postcard poll continues to give him an increase in the lead from day to day.

Mark Anthony said of Cleopatra: "Age cannot wither nor custom stale your infinite variety"—Had Mark Anthony lived in our day he would undoubtedly have applied the same statement to Woodrow Wilson, for it certainly seems variety for a man to advocate free trade in his books and deny it on the stump—it certainly is variety for one to accuse Theodore Roosevelt with having the support of the Harvester Trust and have a $12,500 check of its president, Cyrus McCormick in his pocket. It unquestionably is variety to state that under Democratic rule the trusts will be curbed and at the same time preach the doctrine of States Rights—It is infinite variety to advocate the betterment of human kind and condemn the minimum wage for the women of our country without offering a corrective for this horrible condition.

The Bradford Star-Record of last night brazenly says that the Washington party "pre-emptors for the State Senate, who put Covey on their ticket as a blind, are themselves working day and night for the Democratic candidate for the Senate, Bob Hilton * * *" when as a matter of fact Guy B. Mayo and E. H. French are stumping the district for Mr. Covey and the whole Washington party ticket, while H. J. Rice and Hon. Jas. A. McKean have gone about this section with Mr. Covey, introducing him and working for his interests, and the others are doing what they can for Mr. Covey, and the whole ticket. Truly the stand-pat press is hard up for argument when it has to resort to such bold-faced falsehood to pay its tribute to the gang. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Hilton are also close personal friends of the editor of The Miner and we feel certain that both gentlemen will bear us out in this statement.

Some of the newspapers advocating the election of Hon. R. J. Hoffman and Hon. E. R. Benson to the Assembly take exceptions to The Miner's statement that there was a persistent rumor afloat that deal had been made for the mutual benefit of these candidates, namely that the close followers of Mr. Hoffman were going to support Mr. Benson in exchange for the support of Mr. Hoffman by Mr. Benson's close friends and one of these papers goes so far as to say that The Miner was real mean to mention it.

Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Benson (or their friends for them) emphatically deny that they are in any such a deal, and so far as these two gentlemen are personally concerned this may be true. But the fact still remains that there is every reason to believe that more than a few of the ardent supporters of these gentlemen have been trying to put through a deal of this nature, for the benefit of, if not by the actual knowledge of Messrs. Hoffman and Benson.

Therefore The Miner has no apologies to make even if Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Benson are not personally mixed up in this underhanded deal. We have called attention to this deal and thereby put the friends of Mr. Redfield and Mr. McGregor on their guard and it is pretty certain that this underhanded little scheme whether it was on a large or small scale, has been nipped in the bud, as it certainly should be.

When Woodrow Wilson was first spoken of and up to the time he was nominated for President he was generally considered a progressive, but since his nomination he has dropped all his progressive ideas and has made a low tariff his paramount issue. With this low tariff he expects to bust all the trusts, annihilate all political grafters, and correct all our social and political evils. He does not take the time to explain how this same free trade that twenty years ago drove over half of our laboring men and their families to starvation and free soup houses is going to accomplish such wonders now, but simply says: Leave everything to me, and watch me perform these miracles, which to the average person appears to be impossible.

Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive party promise to correct these evils, but in a more prosaic way. They propose to regulate the tariff by a non-political commission; they propose to get rid of the political bosses, with the direct primary system and the election of United States Senators; they propose to rid this country of one of its greatest economic and social evils with a minimum wage scale for women so that they may provide themselves with the necessities of life in an honest womanly way, instead of being the constant prey for the white-slavers.

In short the Progressive party not only points out and promises to correct our political and social evils but offers a sane and sensible way of correcting them, while Mr. Wilson and his Democracy only says trust us and our free-trade cureall.

Voters of McKean county will be interested to know that those uncomparable patriots controlling the old Republican machine of the state headed by Mr. Penrose have placed upon your ballots the "Bull Moose" "Roosevelt Progressive," and "Progressive tickets," these men who believe with Mr. Taft that our governments is and should be "by a representative part of the people and not a government "of the people, by the people and for the people" as Lincoln said and believing that they are the representative part of the people and in order that they may prevent "Mob rule" by the people have placed these tickets on the ballot in order to confuse the voters and prevent the election of local candidates to the legislature, for these tickets contain no legislative candidates—

We should all certainly feel proud of these men, most highly honored in their commonwealth, for by this action they have shown that they take the "Peculiar unction to their souls" that in them is contained all the ability left in our state to act as a governing body, we do not accuse Mr. Penrose of political dishonesty, there is no need, he has admitted it before the Senate of the United States when he admitted his connection with the Standard Oil Company and had to acknowledge the damning evidence submitted by Hearst.

If you desire to support Theodore Roosevelt and the cause of the people put your cross (X) after the Washington Party ticket placed last on the ballot so as to be as far out of the way of your pencil as possible—

It is high time that Penrose and all of his ilk be returned to private life, in order that they may realize the pertinency of Beveridge's statement that "the government was made for the people and not the people for the government."

In order that the rights of the common people of our nation be protected, the Progressive party of our nation propose to create an industrial commission for the purpose of examining into costs of production and actual amounts of investment in our great trusts, with the power to restrain these combinations from charging usurious prices and to protect the public against this abuse. This industrial commission will be similar to the inter-state commerce commission, only with fuller powers to correct this injustice. The interstate commerce commission's jurisdiction is confined to the great interstate utilities such as railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, etc. This interstate commerce commission was made possible in spite of the Penroses, Cranes and Aldrichs by the wonderful fighting ability of Col. Roosevelt, when he was President and is one of the truly great acts of constructive statesmanship of our generative and we are thankful that less than two years ago it prevented the railroads from again raising their freight rates. This interstate commerce commission is recognized as a force corrective of the evils of rebates and opposed to the dictation of the railroads as in the past. Even the Democratic Party has acknowledged its values as an institution in their platform and yet Mr. Wilson condemns a similar commission applied to industrial corporations as "taking the trusts into partnership with the government."

It certainly would be interesting to know by what course of meta-physical reasoning, Mr. Wilson has reached this conclusion, or does he think that the interstate commerce commission has taken the railroads into partnership with the government? If so, why does he stand upon a platform that recognizes the advantages of this great piece of constructive legislation. It is our opinion that Mr. Wilson's love of epigram has outrun his sense of logic.

In line with the abuse and misrepresentation, that the old guard have been using against Mr. Roosevelt is an article in the Buffalo News, from Dr. Reed, of Cincinnati, stating that Mr. Roosevelt is an obstructionist and that he did all in his power to counteract the efficiency of the pure food legislation by appointment of the now famous Remson board. Statements of this kind are so unreasonable as to make readers wonder that any paper would print an article so palpably unfair and dishonest. There is no question but that Mr. Roosevelt would have vetoed the Pure Food measure, instead of being the force that actually made its enactment possible and this measure was a real corrective measure as long as Mr. Roosevelt was President, however, as soon as the Taft Administration came into power, the effect of the measure was destroyed by legal manipulation. In this way. The Remson Board, were asked for instance "whether a small amount of benzoate of soda was injurious, if taken into the system." No man, of science, by saying that there would be no injurious physiological action upon the system and this was as far as the answer was allowed to go. Had, however, the administration of this law been honest they would have allowed this board to point out that there was no necessity in using benzoate of soda, as a preservative of food that had not rotted, and that this chemical was used to hide puterfaction and thereby permitted the sale of dangerous food by covering up or hiding its putrid state.

This course of misrepresentation is from the same source that circulated the report that Mr. Roosevelt was a drunkard—and yet when he was shot at Milwaukee the attending physicians put out a bulletin that to the effects that Mr. Roosevelt's recuperative powers and vitality were due to his life long abstinence from alcohol and tobacco and that his recovery would have been doubtful had not Mr. Roosevelt lived a clean life. "The proof of the pudding is the eating of it."

We preach the gospel of humanity and we are going to write that gospel into the law of the nation, and this is what that gospel means to us. Here are we, 90,000,000 of us. None of us asks to live, yet die we must, for no fault of our own; and in the brief period between the unasked cradle and the unwelcome grave, life at best is hard enough, and to the great masses it is bitter hard, indeed.

What, then, can be done to sweeten human life? What can be done to lift burdens from shoulders that cannot bear them? What can be done to make human existence happier and easier? These are the only questions worth while, and it is to answer those questions that under God a great new party has sprung clean and fresh from the hearts and consciences of the American people. * * *

The same power that Lincoln battled against we battle against now. What is that power? At Chicago I called it the invisible government, and what is the invisible government? It is a partnership of mighty and wicked interests that seek to get vast wealth at the expense not only of the people's pockets but as I shall show you, at the expense of human life itself.

How does that confederation of plunder, which is just as treasonable as the slave oligarchy ever was, and far more dangerous because more widespread and subtle, how does it get this vast and unjust wealth? By getting bad laws for its advantage and preventing good laws for the people's advantage.

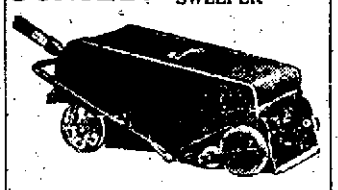
How does it work its will upon our statute books? Through a system of bi-partisan political bosses—Republican bosses and Democratic bosses working together in a great system of political control, and all over this nation those bosses are merely the hired men of that invisible government of public pillage. This boss system absolutely controls both old parties, and that is why those old parties will not answer the leading questions of the day.—From ex-Senator Beveridge's Philadelphia Speech.

(Additional Editorial on Last Page)

Cleans Better than expensive vacuum cleaners

The Duntley Pneumatic Sweeper does in one operation the work of both an expensive vacuum cleaner and a carpet sweeper. Has powerful vacuum suction which gets all the dust out of rugs and carpets—also revolving brush that collects all surface dust, threads, pins, lint, etc. The

DUNTLEY PNEUMATIC SWEEPER



runs like carpet sweeper. No electric power needed.

A child can operate it. Cleans carpets, rugs, draperies, mattresses, pillows, etc. Keeps your house as clean as "after cleaing" all year 'round. Does away with cleaning expense. Send me your name so I can arrange to give you

Free Demonstration in your home.

PRICE $11.75.

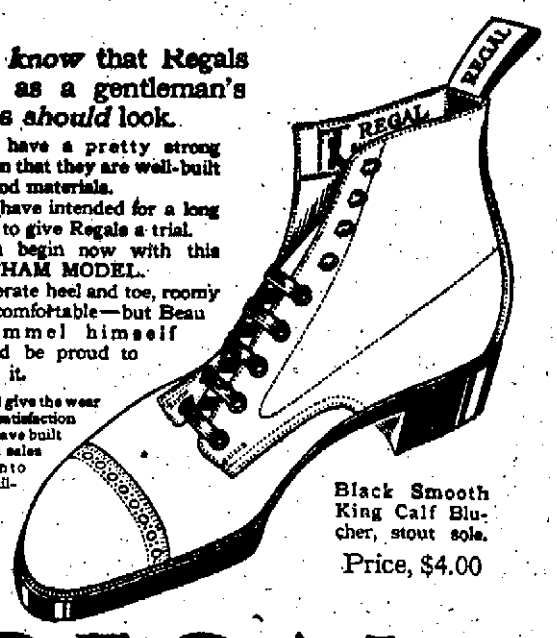
C. H. GLEASON

GOTHAM MODEL

You *know* that Regals look as a gentleman's shoes *should* look.

You have a pretty strong notion that they are well-built of good materials.
You have intended for a long time to give Regals a trial.
Then begin now with this GOTHAM MODEL.
Moderate heel and toe, roomy and comfortable—but Beau Brummel himself would be proud to wear it.

It will give the wear and satisfaction that have built Regal sales up into the millions.

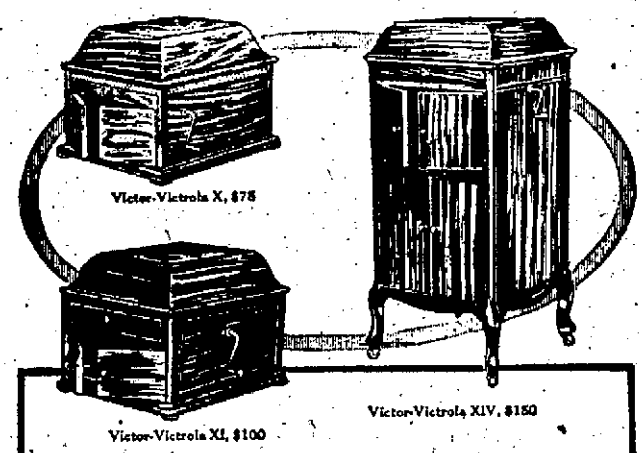


Black Smooth King Calf Blucher, stout sole.

Price, $4.00

REGALS

J. W. RUBIN,
MEN'S READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHIER



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We're willing to do our part to put one in YOUR home *right now.*

Come in today and select the style you like best and we'll arrange terms to suit your convenience so that you can enjoy the instrument while you're paying for it.

That's a fair enough offer, isn't it? Come and take advantage of it.

Victor-Victrolas $15 to $200. Victors $10 to $100.

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Our line of Colgates Toilet Articles, Soaps, Powders and Creams, is the best in the market and you should not be without a generous supply.

Call and inspect our line.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance. in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

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It removes all tire troubles and rides as easy as air, as well as doubling the life of your casings.

During the winter season have your tires filled and be ready for the most pleasant year of automobiling in your life—the season of 1913.

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Sole agents for McKean County.

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When in Buffalo let us show you this great assortment. Or, we will guarantee entire satisfaction if you shop by mail.

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A splendid value; made of strong, white contil in medium and long lengths; elastic supporters attached. We can supply this style in all sizes and will guarantee a perfect fit.

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For Fancy Drinks, Frappes, Sundaes, and Ice Cream Sodas (all flavors). The Sugar Bowl is the place to go.

Brick ice cream three colors a specialty.

Ice Cream Packed and delivered at low prices.

Try the Marasbonian Salted Almonds

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This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna

MASSER & GREGORY

ıursday Nov. 7 and throughout the week, we announce

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cordially invite you to com and inspect our new and complete line dry goods, Millinery and Rugs

MASSER & GREGORY
SMETHPORT PA.

SAVORY ROASTER

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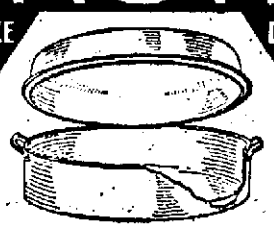
DELICIOUS "ECONOMY DINNERS" ARE A FEATURE



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DALY & GARLICK

AT IT AGAIN

Just Reducing the Cost of LIVING.

The store of the people that has no combination of high prices. And offers the best quality of groceries at the lowest prices. Just compare our prices with the prices you have been paying elsewhere and you will be convinced how we save you money on the same quality of groceries.

Best granulated sugar	5½c
10 lb sack Best Daisy buck wheat	30c
1 lb. can Royal Baking Powder	39c
3 pkgs corn flake	25c
3 pkgs Maple Flake	25c
1 large pkg Oats	19c
8 Bars L-nox soap	25c
7 Bars Oak Leaf soap	25c
6 Bars Fels Neptha soap	25c
Large size Gold Dust (pkg)	19c
Arm & Hammar soda	6c

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

Prompt Delivery — Bell 'phone 107

Mean County Miner

ed at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

nport, Pa. Thursday Oct. 31, 1912

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

ou can legally hunt partridges rabbits tomorrow.

tead the new advertisement of ck's music store in this issue.

ome much needed improvements eing made on the roads in this ty.

. E. Wheeler, the eye specialist e here next week. See local ad- ement.

rs. John Saulspaugh entertain- number of ladies at a six o' dinner Tuesday evening.

ram Johnson, candidate for vice- ident on the Progressive ticket, peak in Olean tomorrow (Friday) o'clock p. m.

he Epworth League will hold a we'en social this evening at the chapel and a cordial invitation ended to all.

on. James A. McKean is ex- g his lawn around his home on Main street which will greatly ve the appearance of his home.

mes McGuire, proprietor of the Central Hotel was quite ill the rt of the week but is now im- g. He was threatened with onia.

ie Democratic mass meeting was held at the court house ening was fairly well attended gathering of that kind, but it r from enthusiastic.

thodist Episcopal church serv- ie Rev. Elmer S. Beacom, the will preach at 10:30 a. m. and . m. In the evening the sub- ject will be Religion and Politics. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

—H. W. Roeder, Farmers Valley, has raised an apple of the Grimes Golden varieties, weighing over 19 ounces, and measuring 13 inches in circumference. It is one of the largest apples raised in this section.

—If anyone asks you to help the family of Eugene Evans, who lost everything they had in the fire which destroyed their home Monday evening, donate liberally. They are worthy people and are in need of help.

—The house which Mrs. M. L. Bisett purchased from the Smethport Land & Improvement Company is being moved onto her lot on East Main street. W. I. Oviatt is doing the work and is making rapid progress.

—Winfield Stark, a bottle blower, was severely burned about the eye yesterday morning by hot glass while working. He will not be able to work for a few days on account of not being able to use the injured member.

—Dances will be given at the Smethport Lyceum on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings after the institute entertainments. Chadwick's full orchestra of six pieces will furnish music and a good time is assured.

—Miss Margaret Sartwell entertained twenty young ladies at a six o'clock dinner last Thursday evening at her home on King street. The guests were dressed in Hallowe'en costumes and presented a grotesque appearance.

—All members of the Rebekah's of this place are earnestly requested to attend the regular meeting of that order next Monday night. Officers for the ensuing year will be put in nomination and a large attendance is desired.

TEN

—A cheerful Democratic pro-Wilson paper at Buffalo is conducting a straw vote and day after day its straws show Roosevelt far ahead of Wilson. That paper is probably sorry now that it ever started the blamed thing.—Bradford Era.

—The Washington party mass meetings which are being held in this county this week are being largely attended everywhere and they are doing much good for the whole ticket. When the votes are counted next Tuesday night it will be found that McKean county is strongly progressive.

—At a meeting of the negro mothers in Washington, a resolution was adopted calling upon colored people to procure colored doll babies for their children to fondle, and thus encourage them to be satisfied with their own color and people." But Jack Johnson says he is opposed to drawing the color line in dolls.—Oil City Blizzard.

—This evening Hallowe'en pastimes will occupy the attention of the young people. The indoor games of Hallowe'en are harmless and enjoyable, but the stunts of the open air are so different. Instead of bobbing for apples, gazing soulfully into mirrors and indulging in other innocent amusements, the boys who spend the evening out of doors, seek what property damage they may do. The outcrops of the latter description should be effectually suppressed.

—W. B. Hopper, who has been employed in this office for the past eight and a half years, has resigned his position to accept a position as manager in the printing department of The Boy's Magazine. Mr. Hopper is a very capable workman and we predict he will make a success in his new undertaking. G. H. Rue, of Waynesboro, Pa., has accepted the position as linotype operator, made vacant by Mr. Hopper.

—Col Mellville Gillett came over from Smethport yesterday to have a look at the fences of his brother-in-law, H. H. Redfield, who is a candidate for the assembly. The Colonel is quite well pleased with the political situation and wears his usual cheerful smile. A few years ago, Col. Gillett was an active figure in the political and military affairs of Ohio, but he is now content to lead the simple life in Smethport. He is a personal friend of Vice President Sherman and is considerably worried over Mr. Sherman's illness. —Last night's Star Record.

—Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland, widow of ex-President Grover Cleveland, is soon to marry Thomas J. Preston, professor of archaeology and fine arts in Wells college. The announcement of their engagement is made by Mrs. Cleveland. Professor Preston is 50 years of age. He is a Princeton man. Professor Preston was a prosperous business man and built up a fortune in the manufacturing business, but his aim in life was college work, and at 40 he closed his active business career and went in for the work he is doing now, after several years of study in universities in Paris, Rome and America.

—The marriage of Mary (Wickett) Fleddeman and Edward Fleddeman, at St. Mary's, has called attention to a remarkable state of affairs. The story started about 15 years ago, when, as Mary Wickett, this week's bride, married Joseph, the eldest son of the Fleddeman family. After eight years of married life the husband was killed by an engine while walking on the railroad. After the required cycle of widow's weeds, Mrs. Fleddeman married George, the second son of the family. He was employed at the plant of the Pennsylvania Fireproofing company and was killed when a dry kiln blew up. Then came another period of "weeds," a third courtship and the marriage Tuesday.—Kane Republican.

—The Dauphin county court refused to issue a mandamus to compel the secretary of the commonwealth to correct his certification of the ballot for November 5th so that the names of the electoral candidates on the Washington, Bull Moose and Roosevelt Progressive tickets, who are the same, should appear in one column, instead of three. The effect of the decision is to have the ballot stand as certified to the various counties last Tuesday by Secretary of the Commonwealth, Robert McAfee. The action was brought by Edward Moeslin, chairman of the Dauphin county democratic committe, through George W. Guthrie, of Pittsburg, Democratic state chairman. William M. Hargest, deputy attorney general, who appeared for the secretary, said that the certification was in accordance with the law.

FALL MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK. Adv.

Subscribe for The Miner.

WANTED—A salesman who can finish his own home to sell our choice line of tea, baking powder, extract, spices and sundry groceries in Smethport, Pa., Farmers Valley, Pa., and Eldred, Pa., and surrounding territory. Party to devote part or entire time to the business. Most liberal proposition offered by any Company and largest line of premiums. For particulars, terms and catalogue address to Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., 33 East Chippewa St., Buffalo, N. Y., Wagon Department. 2t-A4v

Eye Specialist at Wright House

I will be at the Wright House on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 5, 6 and 7. This will afford an opportunity for school children and teachers coming to the institute to have their eyes examined. Special inducements to teachers and students. H. E. WHEELER. Adv.-1t

HORSES FOR SALE

I offer for sale at reasonable prices six (6) good general purpose horses. I want to sell and will give genuine bargains. A. T. PALMER, Smethport, Pa. Oct. 30, 1912 Adv-3t.

R. E. DIAMENT

SUCCESSORS TO

J. S. McCarthy

Everything in the line of
Fresh Meats
Salt Meats
Oysters and Fish
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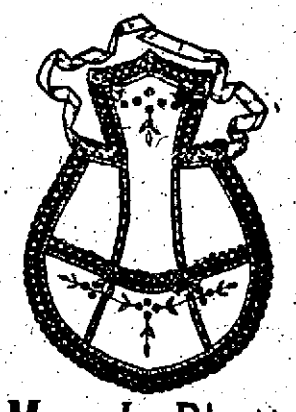
Courteous and careful treatment given to all old and new customers.

R. E. DIAMENT,
Smethport, Pa.

AT
The Bisett Store
you will find thousands of packages of "Artimo" and Royal Society goods-the largest line of fancy work ever shown in Smethport.



Mary L. Bisett

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We believe in small profits and quick sales. We sell only high class—Rationally advertised—merchandise at
Very Reasonable Prices

Men's Overcoats and Suits
$6.50 to $18.50.

Boy's Overcoats and Suits
$3.00 to $7.50.

Sweater Coats - - 50c to $5.00

Underwear or Flannel Shirts
each 25c to $2.00

and the best of all other cold weather goods at such low prices as consistent with good merchandise.

WM. MONHEIMERS'
THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Home Journal Patterns — Arrow Shirts

FRY & COMES

Holiday Handkerchiefs and Neckwear

We place on sale this week a beautiful lot of Xmas handkerchiefs and neckwear for ladies and gentlemen.

Its not to early to be thinking of the Xmas gifts—Early planning is sure to result in satisfactory gift making.

If its to be handkerchiefs or neckwear—and there is nothing more generally acceptable—make your selections now while the stocks are ample and practically every want may be supplied.

The dainty "glove" handkerchief and the Robespierce collar are among the newer things that are attracting much attention just now—Come and see them.

FRY & COMES
SMETHPORT, - - - - PA

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—To Attempt to Sell Them on the Record and Reputation of

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowleged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stmped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

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MISS MILDRED'S BOARDER

Mystery of a Leather Wallet and its Explanation

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Why don't you take a boarder?" the postmaster had inquired of Miss Mildred Lee one day when she came after her letters.

"I might do that," said Miss Mildred rather timidly. "I've been hoping that some physician would come and hire half the house, you see, father's office is just as he left it and would make a splendid location for a young doctor."

"We need another doctor here, now that your father is gone," said the postmaster. "Sometimes I have inquiries for rooms, if I hear of anybody I'll send 'em along to you."

"Thank you," said Miss Mildred gratefully.

Once more in the pleasant, wide winged house which had been her home since childhood, Miss Mildred moved around from room to room regarding the immaculate neatness of each apartment with a critical eye.

Now that the postmaster had put into words the plan that she had cherished—that she should take a boarder—she felt encouraged to answer some of the advertisements that occasionally appeared in the papers asking for country board.

Her father, who had attended to the ills of Little River people for half a century, had died a few months before, leaving his daughter a heritage of the fine old home, a well equipped office and laboratory, a fine medical library and a thick ledger full of unpaid accounts. In his way Dr. Lee had been a great philanthropist. Regardless of any financial returns from his labor, he had allayed the pains of his neighbors, brought them into the world and went down to the dark door with them when they wearily went away, answered their calls for help no matter how scorching the sun overhead or how deep the snows through which his feet must plod. His only recompense had been the delight in his profession and the fees that came to him voluntarily.

Of course this left Miss Mildred quite unprovided for save the small sum left in the bank after the expenses were paid, and that was growing alarmingly small. She tried by every pinching economy to spend as little as possible and finally her diet of bread and butter and eggs and tea, together with some of the goodly store of preserves that weighted the cellar shelves, began to affect her health.

The roses fled from her rounded cheeks and the outline became sharper every day, her step was more languid and her ambition did not prick her to dust and polish the old mahogany furniture that was her greatest asset if she might have been persuaded to part with it.

Then at last there came an applicant for the rooms. The station stage dropped him at the gate, a man of about

"QUEER I NEVER SAW FATHER CARRY THAT," SHE SAID.

forty years with thickly frosted hair and pleasant gray eyes behind gold rimmed eyeglasses.

"Miss Lee?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Miss Mildred.

He handed her a card. "I am Dr. Mason, and I have come to examine your rooms," he said.

"Come right in." And Miss Mildred led the way into the wide hall. She opened the door that led into the left wing and threw wide the curtains to let the sunshine into the darkened office.

Dr. Mason examined the suit of rooms with manifest approval. He explained that his own practice in an adjoining town did not satisfy him, because he was only one of five other physicians in a healthy locality, that during an absence from home his house and office had been burned to the ground, having caught fire from a burning residence next door, and that as he must start anew he had decided to seek a new field for his labors. He was unmarried and he presented unquestionable references.

When he went away he had concluded a very satisfactory arrangement with Miss Mildred. He was to occupy the south wing with its suit of offices and bedrooms overhead, and Miss Mildred was to furnish his meals. He not only rented the rooms, but all the furnishings and the late physician's library and instruments. He said he owned a small automobile, which he would keep in the barn.

The days after that were busy ones for Miss Mildred. She worked harder and ate less than before, and the day that Dr. Mason took possession of the rooms she was as white as a ghost and almost as ethereal as one.

He looked sharply at her as he sat down to the luncheon she had prepared. The meal was daintily cooked and delicious, but he noticed that she scarcely touched a morsel of food.

"Your appetite is small, Miss Lee," he ventured after a while.

"I think it's the weather," she smiled at him.

"This crisp weather should make you hungry," he said, scanning her with keen eyes. "If you don't eat and if you continue to drink that strong tea I will find my first case within my gates here."

"I dare say I'll improve," said Miss Mildred, blushing faintly and rising to bring his dessert from the buffet. Ere she could turn around she had swayed and fallen prone upon the carpet.

Dr. Mason uttered an exclamation of pity and carried her to the sofa. Then he applied a few restoratives, and when her lids were flickering with renewed consciousness he left her side and marched to the pantry, where he critically examined the shelves and peered into the covered dishes.

When he left the room his brows were knitted angrily. What in the world did it mean that this sweet little woman should be starving herself to death? Her pantry was almost as bare as that of poor Mother Hubbard of nursery fame. It looked as if there had been little cooking done in that house for many a day and the few supplies that were contained therein had evidently been purchased that day against his coming.

He brought a glass of wine from the office and made her drink it slowly, sitting beside her with a plate of crackers in his hand. She sat stiffly there, a red flush coming into her pale cheeks. She held her fair head proudly, and her eyes evaded his as if she feared he might read the guilt therein.

"You are very kind," she said after a little while. "I feel better now, Dr. Mason. I hope you will pardon me—you haven't had your pudding."

Intent on housewifely cares she overcame her weakness and went to the buffet.

"Will you have some rice pudding?" she asked.

"Yes, please," said the doctor, resuming his seat at the table. Mingled with the professional concern in his eyes was frank admiration of her splendid courage. He wondered what the mystery was—why should she be living in this comfortable home yet starving to death? Was it the old story of the doctor and his uncollected accounts?

He thought it over in the quiet office afterward, and the result of his meditation found fruit after dinner that evening.

"Miss Lee," he said as they arose from the table, "I would like to use that desk in the corner if you do not object. There seem to be papers in some of the drawers and pigeonholes."

"I thought I removed everything except a few circulars," said Miss Mildred, leading the way into the office.

In one corner of the room there stood a tall desk surmounted by several rows of pigeonholes and drawers. Over the desk hung a portrait of Dr. Lee and he looked down on the pair standing there before the desk with a benevolent look in his kind eyes.

"I hope you don't object to my using the desk," said the new doctor as he raised the top.

"No, indeed. I am only too glad that you can find use for it," she said, opening the drawers and peering carefully inside each one. From several she withdrew a few odds and ends of papers from another several letters and printed circulars, and from a tiny drawer in one corner she picked out a small leather wallet.

"Queer I never saw father carry that," she commented as she stepped back. "But of course he might have had several wallets that I knew nothing about. I remember finding one small leather case in his vest pocket and inside it was a ten dollar bill folded away so carefully. I never could bear to use it," she sighed.

"You still have it?" asked Dr. Mason, regarding her curiously.

She nodded as she turned away. "Perhaps I will find another in this one," she suggested, running the rubber band that secured it. "Oh!" she concluded sharply. "Look at this!"

She held to view a roll of greenbacks which she had removed from the wallet. "Oh, do you suppose they belonged to him?" she asked wistfully.

"Let me count them," said the doctor practically, and he flipped the bills carelessly through his fingers. "Fifty-five dollars, Miss Lee. I hope you won't be so foolish as not to use it," he said severely.

"Oh, I shall use it," she cried with evident relief. "Isn't it perfectly wonderful that it should be found tonight? I believe you are going to bring good luck to my house, Dr. Mason," she said sweetly.

"I hope so," he said gravely as he opened the door for her departure.

"Don't forget, Miss Lee, that I prescribe plenty of rest and hearty meals hereafter. Half the women don't know how to take care of themselves."

"Can he suspect?" questioned Miss Mildred of herself as she fluttered away to the dining room. The thought that Dr. Mason had discovered that she was starving herself to death stung her into immediate action. With the $55 in her empty purse she sped around to the butcher's, where she procured a quantity of beef. This she promptly converted into beef tea and before she went to bed that night she was strengthened with a cup of it.

After that Dr. Mason could not complain of Miss Mildred's appetite. With the money she had discovered as a nest egg she could confidently allow herself to eat all she wanted, and with the doctor's money coming in each week she was soon her old self again, blooming and pretty and plump.

Her cousin Ann Partridge came to stay with her, and the two women had many rides in the doctor's automobile. He built up a goodly practice for himself and finally purchased Dr. Lee's library and instruments as well as the office furniture.

HE WAS LOOKING AT SOME OBJECT HE HELD IN HIS HAND.

One day after the doctor had been there a year Ann Partridge was helping Miss Mildred dust the office. As she flicked the cloth about the desk in the corner she said:

"You promised to tell me about finding some money in here, Mildred."

Miss Mildred related the story of how the money had been found. Ann Partridge regarded her intently.

"You found it in that little teeny drawer in the corner?" she repeated incredulously.

Miss Mildred nodded. "It was in a little leather wallet."

"That's funny," said the other woman, "because you remember you asked me to clean out this desk after your father died, and in that little drawer there wasn't anything except some little rolls of adhesive plaster, and I took those out and turned the drawer upside down."

"It is queer," agreed Miss Mildred, with a puzzled look in her eyes, but she changed the subject, and Ann Partridge forgot all about the pocket book.

Miss Mildred did not. That night she sat with burning cheeks and counted out $55 into the little leather wallet. She slipped downstairs to the doctor's office and stood at the door for a moment. He was standing by the grate fire, looking down at some object he held in one hand.

"Dr. Mason," said Miss Mildred with all the pride she could muster, "I have come to return you the $55, and I thank you very much."

He turned quickly, thrusting a hand behind him. His fine face reddened darkly. "Why—how—you understand"— he stammered confusedly.

"I understand and I appreciate your kindness. I will tell you about it some day. I have plenty now and I do not need it." She laid the wallet on the table and turned away. "Please don't think me ungrateful because I don't say more, but it was a beautiful thing for you to do."

Something dropped from the doctor's grasp and rolled along the floor to her feet. Before he could bend to pick it up Miss Mildred had stooped and taken into her hand the small framed miniature of herself that usually stood on the sitting room mantel.

"Why—why"— gasped Miss Mildred in sudden confusion as he came toward her with outstretched hands.

"Because I love you, Mildred," he said earnestly. "That's why! Won't you send away your boarder and take a husband instead?"

"I'll think it over," said Miss Mildred demurely, but she did not withdraw her hand from his.

Where Romance Failed.

"I saw a curious item about that famous author of fairy tales, who died a few days ago."

"Yes, I saw that he was dead—a man of extraordinary powers of invention."

"Why, you would think so, of course."

"What was the item?"

"Why, it stated that when he happened to be out late with the boys he would go home and stammer and falter and get confused and mixed up and end by telling his wife the whole story just as it happened!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WASHING OUT A WOUND.

Tincture of Iodine Is About the Safest Antiseptic to Use.

Carbolic acid, one of the most valuable antiseptics known to surgeons, is at the same time one of the most dangerous. It is used daily, almost heavily, by operators in the hospitals. The layman who understands its perils may wash wounds out with it safely, but the best surgeons say that inexperienced persons had better let it alone.

No wound should ever be bound up with bandages soaked in even the mildest solution of carbolic acid, for the skin absorbs it readily, and poisoning is apt to follow prolonged use. An eminent New York surgeon had a case a few weeks ago of a child whose finger had turned black after being dressed too long with a 2 per cent solution of carbolic acid, and when he called this paper's attention to the case he was expecting to be obliged to cut off the finger.

The most commonly used antiseptic is bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), but this is one of the deadliest poisons known and as it has no color or odor is easily mistaken for water. To avoid this it is customary to color solutions of it. Colored tablets are made especially for making solutions of any given strength. Dr. Albert S. Morrow in "The Immediate Care of the Injured" says it should be used as a wet dressing on wounds in a solution of 1:2000 of 1:3000, the latter made by dissolving one 7½ grain tablet in 2½ quarts of water. As a wash for a wound it may be used in a 1:1000 solution (one 7½ grain tablet to a pint of water).

Iodine is another antiseptic that is highly recommended. It is used commonly on dirty wounds, where there is danger of infection and a doctor's services are not immediately available. In such cases the tincture of iodine is used pure and is applied by dipping a wad of cotton or antiseptic gauze in it and swabbing out the wound, being careful to penetrate this thoroughly.—New York World.

THE BLACK BALL.

A Cunning Scheme That Was Spoiled by Quick Thinking.

Two young men in a French village were called on to draw for conscription. One only was wanted to complete the number, and of the two who were to draw one was the son of a rich farmer and the other the child of a poor widow.

The farmer ingratiated himself with the superintendent of the ballot and promised him a present if he could find means to prevent his son from going in the army. In order to accomplish this the official put into the urn two black balls instead of one white and one black ball. When the young men came, he said:

"There are two balls, one black and one white in the urn. He who draws the black one must serve. Your turn is first," pointing to the widow's son.

The latter suspecting that all was not fair, approached the urn and drew one of the balls, which he immediately swallowed without looking at it.

"Why," said the superintendent, "have you done that? How are we to know whether you have drawn a black or a white ball?"

"Oh, that's very easy to discover," was the reply. "Let the other now draw. If I have the black, he must necessarily draw the white one."

There was no help for it, and the farmer's son, putting his hand into the urn, drew the remaining ball, which, to the satisfaction of the spectators, was a black one.

Power of the Spectroscope.

The almost uncanny power of the spectroscope, which has made it such a powerful instrument of research, is the following: If any element such as iron, copper, sodium and the like is heated sufficiently to be vaporized and the light of this heated vapor is analyzed by the spectroscope, it does not give a continuous spectrum, but only very narrow portions of the colors, so that in reality the view presented is that of a series of bright lines of the various colors. Each chemical element has its own characteristic set of lines.—Century.

Well Disposed Little Cousin.

A little girl who lives in a small town in Missouri wrote the following letter to her cousin. "We is all well, and mother's got the his Terricks, brother Tom is got the Hupin Kaugh, and sister Ann is got a babee, and I hope these few lines will find you the same. Your affecshunate kuzen."—Kansas City Times.

Music.

"Mrs. Irons, if that infernal cat of yours keeps me awake as he did last night I'll shoot him."

"I wouldn't blame you a bit if you did, Colonel Stormley. Only it wasn't the cat; one of my boarders is learning to play the oboe."—Chicago Tribune.

One View of It.

"But if she makes all her own dresses I should think she'd be a good wife for you. It shows she's industrious and sensible."

"Not for me, thank you. It simply shows how poor her father must be."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Delay.

"Is your wife nearly ready? We ought to be going."

"She won't be a moment. She's just putting herself into her diamonds."—Evening Bulletin.

If wish be not elated, it pops be not dejected.—Socrates.

SWEET REVENGE.

Mark Twain Proved That His Old Time Ghost Was a Liar.

When the great man "arrives" the memories of his boyhood days who used to laugh at the idea of his ever "amounting to anything" retire modestly to the background. But when the opportunity arises to make an example of some such skeptical old friend surely no one could rise to the occasion more effectively than did Mark Twain on the occasion described by Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper's Magazine.

He came to Keokuk to visit and was offered $5 a week and board to remain. He accepted. In the same building was a book store in which a young man named Edward Brownell clerked. He and Sam Clemens became great chums.

Sam read at odd moments, at night in bed, voluminously—until very late sometimes. One night Ed Brownell passing upstairs to his room on the fourth floor, poked his head in at the door.

"What are you reading, Sam?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing much—a so called funny book. One of these days I'll write a funnier book than that myself."

Brownell laughed.

"No, you won't, Sam," he said. "You are too lazy ever to write a book."

A good many years later, when the name Mark Twain had begun to stand for American humor, the owner of it gave his "Sandwich Islands" lecture in Keokuk. Speaking of the unreliability of the islanders, he said:

"The king is, I believe, the greatest liar on the face of the earth except one, and I am very sorry to locate that one right here in the city of Keokuk in the person of Ed Brownell."

ROMANCES OF PORCELAIN.

The Climax to Palissy's Sixteen Years of Misery.

The maker of porcelain and pottery has decidedly the most exciting and romantic trade in the world.

The great factories of Sevres and Dresden were founded by Bernard Palissy. This man invented white enamel but it took him sixteen years to make the invention—sixteen years of hunger, misery and persecution which culminated in the episode, used in H. A. Jones' play of "The Middleman," wherein Palissy maintained his furnace fire by burning all the furniture in his house and finally opened the furnace door to find within the glaze which he had sought throughout the best years of his life.

Bottgher invented hard porcelain. He was an alchemist and one day chancing to discover that his powdered wig was unusually heavy he inquired the cause and found that the weight was due to the kaolin with which the wig was powdered. This kaolin was the substance for lack of which Bottgher's investigations had for years failed.

When Flers opened a porcelain factory at Bursleim, England, he employed the most stupid and illiterate workmen, so that his secret processes might not become known. But Samuel Astbury resolved to learn the Elers method, and affecting ignorance and stupidity he got a place in the factory, mastered all of Elers' secrets and eventually opened a plant of his own, wherein he duplicated in every detail the work of Elers.

Terms of Venery.

There are terms of venery which a good sportsman will still observe in his speech. Thus he finds a "pack" or a "covey" of grouse and likewise a "covey" of partridges, but a "nid" of pheasants, a "bevy" of quail, a "wisp" or a "walk" of snipe and a "fall" of woodcock. Having found them, he "springs" the grouse and the pheasants, but "flushes" the woodcock, snipe and partridges. Further, he will tell you that grouse are "challenged" and pheasants "chuckered," that partridges "jug," quails "pipe," woodcocks are "fallers" and snipe are "at walk." So the bishop was strictly correct who spoke of "some who jug themselves like partridges into small coveys."—London Chronicle.

High Priced Copy.

During the siege of Kimberley the editor of the only daily paper there was often hard put to find enough news. One day in a clubroom he found Cecil Rhodes reading a fairly new paper from Cape Town. He borrowed it and rushed to his own office, where it soon reappeared as a special edition, selling like hot cakes. That same evening he met Rhodes, who inquired, "Where's my Cape Town paper?" "Oh, I cut it up for the printers," was the reply. "Please don't do that again," said Rhodes mildly. "That paper came through by native runners and cost me $1,000."

Ignored the Hint.

The midnight stillness of the darkened parlor was punctuated by a crash just overhead.

"Wha-wha-what was that, dod-dud-darling?" exclaimed the young man.

"Merely father dropping a hint," she replied as she snuggled a little closer.—Philadelphia Record.

Too Much Seasoning.

"What is this thing?" asked the man at the lunch counter.

"A sandwich, of course. What did you think it was?" said the girl behind the counter.

"I thought it was a mustard plaster."—New York Mail.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, it is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than yesterday.

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TRAVELING INCOGNITO

ow a Man Was Saved From Himself by a Woman's Love

By AGNES G. BROGAN

Sunny Sea, July 12.

adeline, Dearest and Best of ads—We are now safely ensconced small hotel which stands modestly upon the beach, like a shabby sister of the grander one. From window I can see rows of conveys drawn up before the fine ene e of Beach hotel, but no carriage comes our way, for which I am thankful. Twice a day the post arrives with our mail, and we all orth to meet him. But we are many in number, a few toilers ers stopping off in order to do a trolling at the resort. And Aunt on, whom I must introduce to you er her new name of Mme. Stahl—professes to be exceedingly bored the whole affair, while I know she secretly revels in the forbidcomfort of kimono and roomy old ers. And it is a delight unspeakfor your little friend to venture into the garden, her hair hanging carelessly down her back, and to e no fear of a nearby camera aimed er direction. I wonder, Madeline, we never thought of traveling incognito before. One thing only is lack-I yearn for adventure; no simple dr, but a heart thrilling, bona fide venture. So good night, beloved I it. Yours. PATRICE.

Sunny Sea, July 14.

adeline Mia—With breathless haste take my pen in hand" to let you ow that the adventure has arrived. came this morning trampling it over m the village, and of so disguished an air, of so fine a personty is this man, that I marvel at his dice of our dashing hostelry as an en temporary place of abode. Aunt eton says his eyes are tragic. I ould call them soulful, but whatever they may be they favor me not th one passing glance. Persistently ve I placed myself within their direct range of vision. The eyes look er me, through me and on beyond to vacancy. This, to say the least, is humiliating. Well, we shall see what e shall see, Madeline. Good night, ear one. PATRICE.

Sunny Sea, July 19.

Madeline—I know you will tear open is envelope in your pretty eager way, patient to learn "what next happened," and I feared that I should ve to disappoint your craving for ews, for the adventure stubbornly reused to develop. Which really means, y dear, that this provokingly handome man continued to ignore my resence. I tried to think of some lan which would force him to address me, and while I recklessly

AUNT BRETON EMITTED A TERRIFIED SHRIEK.

wrinkled my fair brow in thought no less a person than Aunt Breton accomplished for me that which I desired. The I. M. (which means interesting man) came sauntering with his habitual abstracted gaze adown the shining sands. And before him, in the wild joy of being released for a walk, careered a darling, ferocious-eyed bulldog. His lower teeth protruded threateningly in what any one acquainted with the bull tribe would recognize as a cheerful grin. But Aunt Breton is not acquainted with dogs of any sort. Moreover, as you know, she loaths and fears them all. Therefore when Sir Crooked Legs darted toward her playfully she emitted a terrified shriek—a shriek which I shall hear until my dying day—and the I. M. hurried forward in distress. He apologized humbly, courteously and regretfully, but Aunt Breton was not to be appeased. I heard her still loudly berating him as I, covered with blushes of confusion and triumph, rushed to his rescue. He was so relieved that he clasped my hand in a crushing grasp. Thus it happened very naturally that we sat down side by side in a secluded, sheltered spot.

And, oh, Madeline mine, so captivating of manner is my dilecait friend that I dream of him when he is gone. And this you will recall as a novel experience for me—to think of a man when he is out of sight. The man's name is plain Fred Smith. Could anything be less romantic? I have provoked his curiosity.

"Your name," he begs, and I answer smiling, "Miss Incognito." As our small hotel boasts no guest book, he can learn nothing further.

"Mme. Stahl is then the name of your aunt?" he questions.

"Perhaps," laugh I. And so we meet again and again, always with the charm of the illusive. I wonder what he thinks! Am I to him the wandering princess weary of royalty? Sometimes I could fancy it in his flattering air of homage. Or am I then but a working maid of the city, enjoying my hard earned holiday? I do not know—I do not know—nor shall he. No gossiping maid can betray my identity, for crushed into a shapeless mass in the very depths of my trunk lay my robes of ermine and lace, and here I wear my simple frocks, the ones that father loves. Dear father, if he could only fade away for a time beneath the jagged rocks of these grand old cliffs, if he could lay aside his weighty scepter of power and care! But this can not be—not yet. From your ever faithful PATRICE.

Sunny Sea, July 21.

Back in the shadow of the rock sits Aunt Breton, and here in the sun sit I. This occurred yesterday afternoon. Madeline mine, and your innocent little friend, looking up, with a start of surprise, sees Mr. "plain Fred Smith" standing before her. Suddenly he suggested a walk up the beach, and, with a responsive somewhat hasty glance at Aunt Breton, I gladly assented. We had gone farther than usual—nearer to the Beach hotel—when a carriage came toward us. The woman in it leaned forward, with a dangerously searching gaze, as I quickly swung about on my heel. To be discovered now would be to spoil everything, and these society women have memories for pictured faces. So I covered my own with my hands, but not so soon that I had not seen my companion turn his back to the equipage with equal promptitude. And when I uncovered my flushed face his was as white—as the dead. For a moment we stood looking steadily into each other's eyes, and, though his were darkened with a great shadow, they did not falter before mine.

"What is it?" I asked slowly. "Do you also wish to remain unknown?"

"I may as well confess," he answered quietly, "that I also bear an assumed name. There is a reason which makes this at present advisable under the circumstances. Perhaps you would prefer to dispense with my acquaintance."

"Would not that be rather inconsistent," I replied, "since I, too, am an impostor?"

The man put out his hand. "Don't," he cried sharply. But as we retraced our steps my balloonlike spirits rose again, and I endeavored to laugh the matter aside, for in my heart was an intuitive feeling, that intuition which is given to us women, Madeline, and I knew beyond the possibility of doubt that the man at my side was an honest man and his reason sufficient for being.

Aunt still slept in the shadow, so I lowered my voice as we drew near: "Two people traveling incognito," I continued. "What an exciting situation for a story! I should be the Princess Some One or Other, who had willfully deserted her throne rather than be forced into a loveless marriage with the great Prince Some One Else. You would be he, and so we should meet in this isolated spot and, unknown to each other, fall in love." For the first time the man seemed to hear. He caught my hands to him in a rigid grasp. His eyes—they frightened me. "We must not," he said tensely. "Whatever tempting fate has brought us here together, we must not—dare not—love." If you could have heard the one word as he said it, Madeline! Then, pushing my hands back roughly, he rushed from me. And I realize now that this mystery which wraps about us both like a great restraining cloak is a mystery indeed. Good night.

PATRICE.

Sunny Sea, July 24.

Oh, my dear, my dear, it is a terrible thing which I have learned this day—I, who, like meddlesome Pandora, would not rest until I had forced the fastening of the secret box, and now my world, like hers, is filled with tormenting things which sting and pain! I have tried to crowd them back into the box, these troublesome thoughts, but they will not go, so where is the remedy? This throughout the wakeful night is my vexing problem. Vaguely I see a way of relief, a means to right the wrong, but in order to use it I must throw aside my incognito, must brave my shrinking self to face those loaded cameras—the eager reporters hungry for a story. And is the incentive strong enough to make me do it, Madeline? Can one really care as much as this for an almost unknown man—a man condemned of a great crime? There—it is out, dearest! That is my sorrow. Pandora, insistent, tearing at the lock of the box, forced from it the story of a hidden crime—a crime which will send this man to prison unless—unless—

When you look up at your stars tonight, beloved, say then a little prayer of courage for your absent friend.

PATRICE.

At Home, July 30.

What have I left to tell you, dearest Madeline, which has not already been published in the papers? You have read in glowing headlines (which caused me to hide my tan browned face with its tip tilted nose) of the return home of the governor's most beautiful daughter. They have even repeated word for word that highly colored story which sent me, fuming helplessly, into seclusion. The child, Madeline, so near—oh, so frightfully near—that great, merciless automobile and the child's mother waiting with awful tragedy in her eyes—shall I ever cease to see the picture? And you, who know me best, know that I am but a cowardly thing. If I had even stopped to think I might have lacked courage to do the deed, but I did not stop, Madeline. For that I am eternally grateful. And sometimes I wonder if the rescue would have been such a glorious thing had I been other than the daughter of a famous governor.

THE MESSENGER THRUST AN ENVELOPE INTO THE HANDS OF THE JUDGE.

So shall my insignificant person ever bask in his reflected light. For the first time in my life I am glad, dearest—oh, I could sing for very joy of it—that my father is governor of this great state, that he has power to pardon even a criminal and that he loves and trusts his daughter. When that other man, his eyes sunken in trouble, told at my urgent pleading his pitiful tale I was not quite sure what to do—not that I doubted for a moment his innocence, but that I doubted my own ability to make that innocence clear to the high authorities. He had been accused of forgery, Madeline, this suffering man with whom I had joked so merrily, and the short respite was given him by friends who had rallied forward to provide enormous bail. But the forgery was a bold and daring one—moreover, forgery to hide the additional crime of theft, a bank affair, my dear Madeline—and this man, you understand, the supposedly faithless cashier. I shall not go into detail here, but the proof seemed indisputable. And the real culprit, husband of the accused man's sister, who calmly went his way, relying with smug satisfaction upon the brother's self sacrificing love for his only sister—and her children. And, oh, Madeline mine, the sensational climax came like a thunderbolt down upon the silence of the courtroom!

There sat the judge in all the solemn dignity, here the wan faced prisoner and over there that other man gloating in his hidden crime. And the one who had borne all in silence turned his face now from the curious and vindictive gaze of many eyes. As the people waited down the aisle came a messenger, who thrust an envelope into the hands of the judge and hastily withdrew. Even as the judge read the missive he arose to his feet and his voice rang out peremptorily. "Proceedings will be suspended until tomorrow," he said. The rest you have read in the papers—of the brief trial which absolved the suspected man from guilt, naming with accusing finality another in his place. So the one who had suffered much passed out before them all a free and honest man. But there are some things which the papers cannot tell. "From whom," they ask, "came this letter of information which led to the conviction of the real criminal?" And the "great governor" and I exchange smiling glances as we read. Many are the secrets of state which we might divulge if we would.

And when he knows, my loved one, will he blame me, Madeline, for saving him from himself? Will he recognize in those flaunted portraits of the governor's daughter little Miss Incognito of a wayside hotel? The shadow still lingers in his eyes, I am sure, because sorrow must fall upon others, but for this shadow also I have a remedy. Is not love the greatest cure in the world as well as the greatest power? And when this man, who would be humble, learns of that love which "hopeth all things" then he will come to me, and my disguise will fall away. He will find that the poor little incognito served not to hide a princess in her power nor even a governor's daughter lying in a borrowed light, but just a woman, Madeline—"Everywoman" in search of happiness.

And when you look up at your stars tonight pray then a little prayer that her quest may be ended.

Ere I could sign my name he came, for man's love ever lacks the virtue of patience. So, Madeline, dearest and best of friends, you may forget tonight the little prayer, for, see, it is already answered. And thus I remain forevermore your utterly happy

PATRICE.

"Where's Alvaretta?" he asked sharply.

"We haven't found out yet," explained Alva. "Who told you about it, anyway?"

"Why, of course I knew!" Dave laughed mirthlessly.

"Knew what?"

"That she was lost. I've been trying to find her all the afternoon."

Alva reddened angrily. "See here, Dave Bemis, you're crazy," he declared.

"So are you," retorted Dave promptly, when Mrs. Winton interposed a slender form between them.

"Stop your quarreling this very instant, boys," she commanded. "Now, Dave, you tell what you mean about your looking for Alvaretty. After you've told, why, we'll tell our story."

Dave Bemis hesitated, looked around at the interested faces, flushed redly and then plunged into his story.

"Alvaretta was to meet me in Milton at 1:45. We were going to get married"—

"Married?" shrieked Mrs. Winton aghast.

"Married?" growled young Alva, doubling a fist. "You mean you was running away with my sister?"

"She said her mother gave her permission to marry me this afternoon. My uncle in England is very sick, and I've been sent for. I've got to sail tomorrow morning, and I may be gone a year, for I promised to take care of his business and wind it up if anything happens to him. I telephoned all this to Alvaretta this morning as soon as I heard of it, and I asked her if she wouldn't marry me before I went. I told her she could take the 1:15 train from here, and I would meet her in Milton, and we could get married in time for her to take the 3:30 back here again. I was at the station and waited three trains, but I haven't seen her, and that's why I'm here now."

"For the land sake, I never heard of such a thing!" shrieked Mrs. Winton when Dave had concluded his recital. "Why, that child must have been asking me if she could marry Dave when I wasn't placing any account on what she was asking. I was that interested in my doughnuts! I says to her, 'Yes, yes; run along, do!' and she took me at my word!"

"But where is she now?" demanded Alva impatiently.

"Yes; where is she now?" repeated Dave.

"Nobody knows. Listen while I tell you what we know about it."

So Dave listened while they told him about the mysterious disappearance of Alvaretta and how Irving Denby's statement that he had seen her on the way to the station was the only proof they had that Alvaretta had really started to meet her lover and be married.

"What shall we do now?" Dave was asking when the door was pushed slowly open and a girl's slender form stepped within the room. She wore a pretty blue dress showing traces of dust around the bottom and a white hat very much askew atop of her golden hair.

It was Alvaretta Winton.

"Alvaretta!" they all screamed at once.

"Has any one seen Irving Denby?" she asked, slowly looking from one to another. "Is he here now?"

"No—why?" Alva was holding one hand and Dave Bemis the other hand, and her mother had both arms around her neck. It was difficult for Alvaretta to answer until they freed her.

"I was going to say if he is here one of you must take him out and thrash him," said Alvaretta calmly, and thereupon she proceeded to give most excellent reasons why young Denby should be chastised.

"He sent word up to the house that I was wanted at the long distance telephone," said Alvaretta calmly, "and as mother was busy I just ran down the street and took the message, not knowing that Irving was in the back of the store listening at Mr. Peters' private phone. Dave wanted me to come down to Milton and marry him at once, so I told him I'd go home and ask mother and if she consented I'd meet him there on the arrival of the 4:45.

"Mother was frying doughnuts, and I could scarcely see her through the blue smoke, and the hissing of the hot fat was noisy too. I went up to her and spoke into her good ear. I said, 'Ma, Dave has telephoned that he's got to go to England and may be gone a year and I can go to Milton and marry him now. I'll come right home again.'

"I didn't believe she'd consent, and so I was never more surprised in my life than when she said, 'Yes, yes; run along, do!' So I hurried and got ready, and as I passed the drug store I happened to notice that the door of our church was wide open. I was going to be married, and I felt kind of solemn and as if I wanted to be alone for a few minutes, so I just slipped inside there where it was dark and cool, and when I tried to get out I declare if the door wasn't locked. I cried and screamed, and nobody heard me until a half hour ago somebody crept up the steps and unlocked the door.—I was right there and pulled the door open before he could get very far away. It was Irving Denby. Wasn't he the mean, jealous thing?"

Alvaretta glanced indignantly around.

Before any one could answer there came a knock at the door. When it was opened it revealed the mild countenance of the minister.

"They tell me Alvaretta is lost," he was beginning when he saw the girl's blooming face.

Dave Bemis pressed forward, Alvaretta's hand in his.

"You're just in time, Mr. Evans," he said suggestively.

And that was how Alvaretta's elopement ended up in a wedding at home.

What Became of Alvaretta

A Case of Too Many Lovers

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Alvaretty!" shrieked Mrs. Winton down the cellar stairs.

Silence.

"Alvaretty!" she shrieked more shrilly up the attic stairway.

Silence here too.

"Where is that girl?" fumed Alvaretta Winton's mother as she looked into the bedrooms and then made another search of the lower floor.

The Wintons were still asking that question at 6 o'clock that evening, for Alvaretta, the pretty daughter of the house had disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as though the earth had opened and swallowed her up.

Neighbors had joined the anxious family and perhaps a dozen were sitting and standing around the untasted supper which Mrs. Winton had somehow managed to place upon the table. Alva Winton, the widow's only son, was nervously excited over his sister's disappearance.

"Can't you remember where you saw her last, ma?" he asked for the hundredth time since 3 o'clock that afternoon.

Mrs. Winton sank into a chair and turned her reddened eyes upon her son. "It's the queerest thing, now that I think of it," she answered him for the hundredth time. "She made some remark to me while I was frying those doughnuts, and what with the blue smoke in the kitchen and the sputtering of the hot lard, I didn't sense half of what she said." She smiled deprecatingly at the faces turned toward her.

"Well, ma, what was the half of what you did hear?" patiently insisted Alva.

"She jest ran in through the smoke and asked me if she could go somewhere or do something, and I says, as I often do to Alvaretty, 'Oh, yes, run along, do child; only don't be too late!' She kissed me and went off, and that's the last I've seen of my daughter." Then Mrs. Winton broke down and cried for the first time that trying afternoon.

"That's all the clew we got to go on. Now, suppose each one of you take a street and go to every house and ask if my sister has been there or if anybody has seen her since noon. We'll all meet here at 8 o'clock." Young Alva's voice quivered.

"Where you going, Alva?" asked Cyrus Jenkins.

"Down among the stores and along the river," said Alva, dropping his voice at the last word so that his mother should not hear.

"If I could only meet Irving Denby—he might have seen her," mused the troubled youth as he made his way toward the stores which were grouped around the postoffice.

Irving Denby was the youth in the drug store who was deeply in love with pretty Alvaretta Winton. He bored her to death with his attentions, for Alvaretta had already made her choice and was engaged to Dave Bemis, who worked in the railroad office in the city.

So Alva's first inquiry was made at the drug store, where Irving's pale, freckled face became elongated with surprise at the question.

"Alvaretta lost? Pshaw, you're joshing me!" he laughed incredulously.

"It's the solemn truth, Irving. I thought maybe you'd seen her go past or something. I thought you might like to help find her," ended Alva, disappointed.

"Of course I would! Let me see—I did see Alvaretta about—why, it was on my way back from dinner. It must have been 1 o'clock. She had on that blue dress she wears and a white hat. I remember because she looked great, and I wondered where she was going," confessed Irving, reddening to his homely ears.

"Which way did she go?"

"Straight up the hill."

"That's something I've learned," said Alva, drawing a breath of relief. "You're the first one who's seen her since before dinner."

At 8 o'clock Alva was hurrying toward his home anxiously hoping that some of the other searchers had been more successful than himself in finding news of his missing sister. Beyond the statement of Irving Denby that he had seen Alvaretta going up the hill that led to the railroad station there had not been a single clew. Perhaps it was because the hour between 12 and 1 is sacred to dinner in Little River, and thus no one had observed Alvaretta. Inquiry at the station was useless, for when Irving reached there he found it closed.

Perhaps Alvaretta would have returned home when he reached there. This thought hurried his steps homeward.

Eyes as anxious as his own questioned him when he entered the dining room once more. He shook his head slowly and then told them what little information he had gained.

As he finished speaking the door opened quickly and admitted Dave Bemis, Alvaretta's sweetheart. His handsome face was quite pale, and he was breathless with haste, and he spoke without ceremony.

LIVED UP TO THE TEXT.

It Made a Deep Impression on Little Julia, and She Did Her Best.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

The foregoing quotation is from chapter xiii, verse 2, book of Hebrews, and it is introduced solely because it constitutes a vital part of this story. Julia is ten years old, and she goes to Sunday school. It appears that on a recent occasion the Sunday school teacher had considerable to say about this matter of "entertaining angels unawares." Anyway, it made a deep impression with Julia.

A few days after the lesson Julia's mother left her in charge of the house for a few hours. When the mother returned she went to a particular cup in the cupboard to extract therefrom a half dollar. In this cup is kept the family pin money, and Julia's mother knew that she had put 50 cents there before she had gone out. But the half dollar was gone. There was an expression of anxiety on Julia's face, and mother scented mischief.

"Did you take that money?" asked the mother, somewhat severely.

Julia broke into tears. "I gave it to a man that came to the back door," sobbed the little girl.

"Gave it to a man?" exclaimed the mother. "What for?"

"I thought he might be an angel unawares," replied Julia.—Kansas City Star.

IT WAS NAPOLEON.

The Boy Finally Recognized Him and Won a Compliment.

One afternoon the boy of Tunis while visiting in Paris was conducted to the gallery of battle pictures. They first showed to him Philip Augustus at Bouvines.

"That's Napoleon I., isn't it?" said the boy.

"No," said M. de Nothac, "that is not Napoleon I., but, quite the same, a great warrior."

They passed to St. Louis, who, on the bridge of Taillebourg, was battling like the Archangel Michael himself.

"That's Napoleon I.?" queried the boy with a wink of the eye.

"No," said M. de Nothac.

They arrived at Henri IV., who was carrying bread to the besieged Parisians.

"Napoleon I.?"

"No; that's Henry IV."

The boy was visibly disappointed. They skipped Louis XIV. and XV. and passed quickly to the wars of the empire. They stopped before the battle of Austerlitz.

"Napoleon I.?" said the boy.

"Yes," said M. de Nothac. "How your highness has recognized it! How admirable that is! Ah, truly, your highness knows the history of France marvelously well."—Cri de Paris.

Chesapeake Bay.

Few people fully appreciate the great size of the Chesapeake bay. It is the largest indentation on the Atlantic coast, and it has often been called the Mediterranean of America. On its bosom the navies of the world could easily float. It is 200 miles long, and in some places it is forty miles broad. It has an area of over 2,000 square miles, and it shoots off into great rivers with an aggregate length of thousands of miles.—Baltimore American.

Cornering Her Dad.

Her Father—I judge a man, sir, by the company he keeps. The Suitor—Then I'm all right, for I've been keeping company with your daughter for over two years.—Boston Transcript.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Do Not Forget STRONG

when you need those new

MANTLES AND GLOBES

after housecleaning.

I carry everything in that line at all prices.

E. W. STRONG

EDITORIAL

The Altoona Times a Democratic paper which is supporting Woodrow Wilson prints an editorial on Straws show how the wind blows, saying

'If straw votes indicate the way the political wind is blowing Colonel Roosevelt will be far in the lead in the voting of November 5 The ballots taken in this section uniformly give the Progressive candidate a commanding majority He is more than a two-to-one favorite over Governor Wilson and a five-to-one shot over President Taft

"There is nothing conclusive in these efforts to determine popular sentiment, but at the same time they ought to demonstrate that the colonel is a great favorite with those who are sufficiently interested to participate in them

"That Roosevelt has gained tremendously since the attempt was made to assassinate him is not gainsaid He is many thousands of votes stronger today than at any previous time in the campaign Political forecasters declare that he cannot win without a landslide, and whether his strength has attained this degree of unanimity remains to be determined But this much is absolutely beyond the realm of controversy The Progressive cause has completely removed President Taft as a material factor He is destined to be the most decisively defeated candidate that ever aspired to the presidency

"With the fight narrowed to Governor Wilson and Colonel Roosevelt the odds ought to favor the former. With a practically united Democracy supporting him and the Republicans hopelessly divided, his fight at the outset of the campaign appeared to be won But it is claimed by careful observers that he has lost in strength while both Colonel Roosevelt and President Taft have made gains

'With just a little more than one week intervening, we cannot safely predict the outcome of the voting beyond the undisputed fact that the next President will be either Wilson or Roosevelt"

Let us examine for ourselves one phase of the economic situation of our country that of the railroads, according to Poors manual for 1910 the recognized authority on railroads of our country we find that their total capitalization in that year was $18 00 000 000, and by recognized authorities the valuation or actual investment at the same time was $9 000 000 000 dollars In other words there are outstanding bonds and stocks of 9 billion 5 hundred millions ($9 500 000 000) upon which we common people pay dividends at 6 percent we pay $570 000 000 each year to these men who had the foresight to capitalize the blue sky as they call it in Kansas We paid the railroads according to the same authority in 1910, $2 970 000 000 or $30 20 per year for every man woman and child in the United States—it was for a correction of this condition that Theodore Roosevelt had the Interstate Commerce Commission formed and while it has not the power to effectively correct the past abuse it has prevented much of the further development of this evil

When one examines figures of this kind it does not seem so mysterious why our cost of living has advanced so rapidly 570 million dollars is more than one half the entire cotton crop of this country, and we pay it to these men in Wall street for the reason and it is use not for any consideration that they have performed for us but just because they want to do so Now the Progressives want an industrial commission to do in lines of the interstate commerce commission to protect us from this same these same gentlemen will tell you evil in Industrial Enterprizes and that we are anarchists and are attacking vested rights It can easily enough be seen why the stand patters would rather have Wilson if they can't get Taft

Roosevelt is likely to spoil their game, he does not believe in stacked cards or loaded dice

We must remember that unless we correct these evils now, it will be much harder in the future, and they will be corrected, for there can be no permanent stability unless the foundation is sound and certainly it is plain to be seen that a road ben built upon water is extremely dangerous

LETTER FROM MR. REDFIELD

That and a Letter From Republican State Chairman Wasson Are Interesting

A letter from Henry G Wasson, chairman of the Republican State Committee contains the following which will be interesting to our readers:

Philadelphia, Pa Oct. 19, 1912
The McKean County Miner,
Smethport, Pa.
Gentlemen

I am enclosing a copy of a letter from Mr H H Redfield, candidate for the Legislature, received in reply to my official communication asking for an indication of his position with reference to the program of legislation contained in the Republican State Platform, and would ask you to give the same full publication

The consummation of the program of legislation is of the utmost importance to the people of Pennsylvania, and before entering judgment at the polls they have a right to know where every candidate stands with respect thereto. I believe that Republican candidates who squarely approve the program are entitled to the support of all right-thinking people, regardless of party affiliation and regardless of any party endorsement they may or may not have

Trusting you will give the enclosure the proper publicity I am,

Very truly yours,
HENRY G WASSON,
Chairman

August 24th, 1912

Hon Henry G Wasson,
Chairman Republican State Com.,
Philadelphia

Dear Sir

In pursuance of the resolution adopted by the State Convention requiring the State Committee to ascertain the stand or opinion of candidates for the State Legislature in regard to adopted platform pledges, I hereby inform you and said committee that I heartily favor the platform adopted and believe that the legislature therein declared for would be most beneficial to the State, and, if elected, I unhesitatingly will support such legislation

Very respectfully yours
(Signed) H H REDFIELD.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Charles McVean is visiting relatives in York, Pa

Mrs C W Lillibridge was a Bradford visitor last Friday

Mrs Annie Warenberger and children of Baltimore are in town

Mr and Mrs D M Cooper were Bradford visitors last Saturday

Mrs Peter Connolly and Miss Mate Connolly are Bradford visitors today

Mrs C H Gleason and daughter, Helen were Olean visitors last Friday

Sheldon Armstrong of Eldred was a business visitor in town last Saturday

W B Hopper and E A Hamilton were business visitors in Buffalo this week

Mrs Mary Hussey is in Bolivar N Y where she expects to spend the winter

Theron Lyle was in Washington D C, on business the latter part of last week

Mesdames J C Gallup and W L Gallup were guests of Kane friends over Sunday

Mr and Mrs J C Backus, son Ted and Mrs Sarah Blake were Red Rock visitors yesterday

Miss Mattie Cody visited Miss Winifred Roeder of Farmers Valley a few days last week

Mrs Ray Pickett and daughter of Warren are guests of the former's cousin, Mrs W O Herzog

Miss Ethel Tull of Buffalo was the guest of her parents, Mr and Mrs F E Tull over Sunday

Mr and Mrs C E McAlee and children, of Johnsonburg were guests of relatives in town over Sunday

Mrs Sidney Burdick is spending a few days with her parents Mr and Mrs Michael Fhart at Colegrove

Hon Jos W Bouton was the guest of honor at the Y M C A mass meeting in Bradford last Friday night

Fred H Mayo of Beaver, Pa., was the guest of his cousins, Guy B and Kenneth Mayo the early part of the week

Floyd Pettis has returned to Smethport after spending several months in Chicago and various other western points

T J Clerk of Mannington W Va, is spending the week with friends and relatives in town, and was a pleasant caller at this office

Mrs L Stienhauer and Mrs H W Roeder of Farmers Valley, were guests of relatives in Portville, N Y, on Tuesday and Wednesday

Sheridan Gorton, president of the Smethport Water Co, was in Atlantic City the latter part of last week attending a meeting of the Pennsylvania Water association. He also visited New York and Philadelphia while on the trip

W F Specht went to Hornell, N Y, Friday and returned Monday He went to visit his son Frederick, who has been shop order clerk for the Erie Railway in their shops there for some time and has now been transferred to Jersey City, N. J, as assistant to the mechanical superintendent.

THE GAME LAWS.

What You Can and What You Can Not Legally Do With a Gun

McKean county hunters (and there are quite a few of them) can cut out the following dope on the game laws and paste it in their hats, as it is the official goods for the 1912 hunting season sent out by Dr Joseph Kalbfus, secretary of the state game commission

Bear, unlimited, October 1 to January 1 Use of steel traps forbidden

Blackbirds, all kinds, and doves, unlimited, September 1 to January 1.

Deer, male with horns visible above the hair one each season, November 15 to Dec 1

English, Mongolian, Chinese and Ringneck pheasants, ten in one day, twenty in one week and fifty in one season November 1 to December 15

Plover, unlimited, July 15 to December 1

Hungarian quail, five in one day, twenty in one week and thirty in one season, October 15 to November 15

Quail, commonly called Virginia partridge, ten in one day, forty in one week and seventy in one season, November 1 to December 15

Raccoon unlimited, September 1 to January 1,

Ruffed grouse, comonly called pheasant, five in one day, twenty in one week and fifty in one season, November 1 to December 15

Shore birds, unlimited, September 1 to January 1

Snipe, Jack or Wilson, unlimited, September 1 to May 1

Squirrel, fox, black or grey, six of the combined kinds in one day, November 1 to December 15

Webfooted wild water fowl of all kinds, unlimited, September 1 to April 10 Not to be shot before sunrise of any day

Wild turkeys, one in one day, two in one season, November 1 to December 15

Woodcock, ten in one day, twenty in one week and fifty in one season, October 1 to December 1

Hare, or Rabbit, ten in one day, Nov 1 to Dec 15

Feed the birds during the winter if you care to have them next year.

This is official

JOSEPH KALBFUS,
Secretary of Game Commission

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending October 25th, 1912

Benedetto, Napolitano (Foreign)
Bennett Mr Peter
Bojork, M Tony
Chitman Mr John
Eich, Mr Harry
Smith, Mr A P
Turner, Mr R B
Weitzel, Mr Fred
Welch John H

Persons calling for these letters please say 'Advertised" All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising

J C GALLUP,
Postmaster

COWS FOR SALE

Two good cows giving milk, aged 3 and 13 years For particulars call on or address

Adv-tf F C LYMAN, Water St,

HORSE FOR SALE

A bay mare, 7 years old, weighs 1300 pounds. For particulars inquire of MOODY & GUENTER,
Adv Coryville, Pa.

Fishing For Fish.

Many people there are who delight in just fishing for fish. Such a one was John Quincy Adams. The story was told by one of his clients, whose case was to be tried on a certain morning, that he could not get his counsel to leave his fishing boat except long enough to write a note to the judge which read "Dear Judge—For the sake of old Izaak Walton please continue my case until Friday The smelt are biting and I can't leave." And the judge having read the note, announced to the court "Mr Adams is detained on important business."—Christian Herald.

Rude Awakening.

"You're looking mighty sour What's the matter? Honeymoon over?"

"I guess so"

"How'd that happen?"

"Oh we were drifting along down life's enchanted stream, as the poet tells about, and just as I was thinking I should like to drift on and on with her forever she up and told me that she had got to have some money."—Houston Post.

Insulted Him.

Mrs. Highupp—John, I was never so angry in my life as this afternoon, when that lecturer at our club deliberately insulted you. Mr. Highupp—Insulted me? Mrs. Highupp—Yes; he referred to the railroad of which you are president as a common carrier.—New York Times.

An Obstacle.

"I hear Stocsky's daughter is going to marry a nobleman"

"No, she is not. Her father had him investigated by a surety company and on their report refused to invest in him, as there was a defect in his title."—Baltimore American

Appropriate.

Mal—She weighs only eighty nine pounds, and he weighs 105. Lucille—What an ideal couple for light housekeeping!—Harper's.

To grief there is a limit; not so to fear.—Pliny the Younger

SHAVED BY FORCE

Peter the Great's Merry War on Beards in Russia.

RAZORS FOLLOWED THE TAX.

When Heavy Fines Failed to Produce the Desired Result the Czar Had Barbers Seize His Subjects in the Streets and Mow Their Whiskers.

Peter the Great on his return to Moscow in 1700 after traveling through Germany, Holland and England, determined to make his Russian subjects look like Europeans, for at that time in both appearance and manners they resembled the Asiatics They were dressed in long robes reaching down to their ankles, gathered in folds at the waist and girded by a belt or sash, the wealthier classes wearing garments of rich materials, lined with costly furs, and on their heads they wore a high cap with a fur border

They took a great pride in their long beards, which were combed out over their breasts, and they reckoned them not only an ornament to the face but a distinction from the surrounding nations, who were all clean shaved

Peter began his reforms by ordering all the boyars, or nobles, to appear at court in English dresses on pain of his displeasure, and patterns of English coats were hung up at the gates of the city, and all persons passing through the gates in their long habits had to pay a tax or else have their skirts cut round by the knees.

The poor peasants alone were exempted from this rule. On the wearing of long beards a tax was imposed, but this measure only increased the czar's revenue, for the people willingly paid the money that they might retain their cherished beards

Even those who adopted the English dress refused to submit to an act that they thought not only irreligious, but foolish for why, said they 'deprive the chin of its natural covering in a climate where the protection of fur collars was necessary during six months in the year?

No finding taxes and fines useless, the czar resolved to convert his subjects to the new fashions by force

At the gates of the city barbers were stationed and all except the peasants who were allowed to retain their beards, were obliged to submit to a rapid shaving in spite of entreaties and the offer of large bribes.

And venerable gray beards might be seen scampering through the streets pursued by the barbers whom they fled from as they would from hangmen and when caught the poor runaways frequently lost skin as well as hair in this rough way of shaving The barbers were most likely Germans or English and probably enjoyed the panic they caused among the Russians.

Shaving had at one time been denounced by the clergy and a beard at that time was looked upon as a sign of orthodoxy so that native barbers would have got but little custom. Those Russians who persisted in wearing their long caftans were obliged to kneel down, and their garments were cut off at the knees. Peter sometimes invited the nobles to his table and had them shaved in his presence, a process that some of them resisted, their faces suffering in consequence

One day when the czar was out walking he met an old man coming from the barber's. Peter spoke kindly to him, telling him that now he had lost his beard he looked like a young man Upon this the old man put his hand into his bosom and, drawing forth the beard that had been cut off and showing it to the czar told him that he should preserve it and have it placed in his coffin that in the next world he might show it to St. Nicholas to prove that he was a true Russian

Peter did not confine his reforms to the men's habits He also changed the dress of the Russian ladies but, though the new costume may have been more convenient, it was certainly not so quaint or picturesque as the old one The ladies of Russia lived in oriental seclusion seldom appearing in public and having a separate part of the house appropriated to them but the czar ordered that at all festivities or public entertainments women should be invited as well as men but that they must all appear in English dresses.

Whether all of Peter's changes in costume were for the better may be doubted, for before his time stays were unknown in Russia, and when he first visited the German court and was dancing with the ladies he mistook their whale bone corsets for their bodies and complained that the German ladies had such hard bones!—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lack of Tact.

"Why did you jilt Percy?"

"He is lacking in tact."

"Why, I thought he always said nice things?"

"He does, but not always the right things. He was protesting his love yesterday when we passed an old woman. I saw my cue and said:

"'Will you love me when I get old and look like that woman?'

"'Of course I will, darling!' he cried.

"So I dismissed him. The idea of his consenting to think that I could ever get to look like that horrid old thing!"

Women are so particular.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

That which is seen at a distance is most respected.—Tacitus.

LAKE OF THE DEAD.

An Uncanny, Mysterious Spot in the Osun Country, Nigeria.

It will be a long time before the shores of the Lake of the Dead, in the Osun country Nigeria become popular for summer resort purposes. An English traveler says "When I believed I was in the neighborhood of this haunted spot and altered my course my carriers begged to be allowed not to proceed and were left behind. After a struggle through dense bush we could see the edge of a sheet of water, along the banks of which were the holes of crocodiles, whose tracks covered the shore The scene was a weird one The surface of the water was absolutely still and roundabout were ten foot high bushes, with what were apparently great tufts of creamy flowers. These, however, proved to be nests of tree frogs.

"The place is a sanctuary for all wild things, for no hunter would dare to penetrate the bush to this dreaded spot. As we stood at the edge gazing out over the water its quiet was suddenly broken by a broad ripple, and little fish were seen to spring agitatedly above the surface. A great python was crossing, and this, we learned, shared with the crocodiles the guardianship of the sacred lake Nothing, we were informed, must be allowed to trouble the water or even to touch its outer edge or famine and pestilence would ensue

"Here, according to popular belief, come by night the ghosts of long dead Ekoi to drift in sad companies hopeless and wailing over the surface of the water Even in the bright sunlight the place has an uncanny look, and one can easily imagine that at midnight, when the white mists shimmer ghostlike in the light of the moon, people with the terror and mystery of the 'bush' in their blood would rather sit chatting around the fire or dance by torchlight in the open spaces of the towns than seek out this uncanny spot"—Chicago News.

WAKENED BY A GHOST.

A Woman's Startling Experience in a Washington Hotel

From his diary under date of October 1890 Sir Henry Lucy quotes in the Cornhill Magazine a remarkable ghost story which was told to him by a 'lady bearing a name highly honored in the United States." The incident happened some years previously The lady was at Washington at a time when congress was sitting and all the hotels were full On applying for a room at the hotel which she was accustomed to patronize with her husband she was told that the house was full After some little hesitation the clerk, observing her distress undertook that a room should be got ready for her It was a small plainly furnished room on the sixth floor

She went to bed early and slept soundly until she was awakened by the sensation of a hand touching her face and a voice which cried with piteous accent Oh mother mother" She was profoundly startled but arguing with herself that it was only a dream went to sleep again Again she was awakened by a hand that nervously stroked her face and the blood curdling cry "Oh, mother mother!" She got up and lighted a candle A chambermaid came with a startled look. The visitor related her experience

"Yes ma'am," said the chambermaid. "I told them they ought not to have put you in the room He was only carried out an hour before you came"

"Who was carried out?" said the lady

"Why the young man who was lying here for a fortnight in delirium tremens and died a couple of days ago He was always stretching out his hands, feeling for something and crying, 'Oh, mother, mother!'"

Glass Spoons.

Most of the millions of spoons manufactured for many uses are made of some sort of metal such as gold, silver, iron or tin but there are also made and regularly sold spoons of glass This might seem like an especially fragile material for such use, but these glass spoons while they are made of precisely the same shape and proportions as a metal spoon, are made thick so that they will withstand any ordinary usage They are made of pressed glass, though as they are finished they resemble cut glass. They are made in various spoon sizes. Glass spoons are used in the sickroom for administering medicines that would tarnish metal spoons.—New York Sun.

Her Encouragement.

Mollie—And so you proposed marriage to her? Chollie—Yes. Mollie—And did she give you any encouragement? Chollie—Oh, yes. Mollie—Congratulations in order? Chollie—No, she refused me. Mollie—But I thought you said she gave you encouragement? Chollie—She did. She looked at me twice before she refused me.—Yonkers Statesman.

What Did the Bride Say?

The three times widower, with his newest choice, was once more making the necessary visit to the city official in Hoboken. Upon receiving the fee the clerk exclaimed heartily, "Thank you! Come again!"—Judge

MARK TWAIN IN UNIFORM

Occasion When the Humorist Posed as General Sherman

Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper tells of the time when Mark Twain his way to West Point to deliver address found himself in the s train with General Sherman who been attending a dinner in Hartford

"A pleasant incident followed. wh Clemens himself used to relate G eral Sherman attended the banquet Secretary of War Robert Linc Next morning Clemens and Twic were leaving for West Point. wh they were to address the military dents, guests on the same special t on which Lincoln and Sherman their private car g This car was at end of the train and when the passengers reached the station S man and Lincoln were out on the platform addressing the multitu Clemens and Twichell went in taking seats, waited for them

"As the speakers finished the t started but they still remained side bowing and waving to the assembled citizens, so that it was under headway before they came in Sherman came up to Clemens who smoking unconcernedly

"'Well,' he said, 'who told you could go in this car?'

"'Nobody,' said Clemens.

"'Do you expect to pay extra fare asked Sherman.

"'No,' said Clemens, 'I don't expect to pay any fare.'

"'Oh, you don't' Then you'll walk your way'

"Sherman took off his coat and military hat and made Clemens put them on.

"'Now,' said he, 'whenever the train stops you get out on the platform and represent me and make a speech.'

"It was not long before the train stopped and Clemens, according to orders, stepped out on the rear platform and bowed to the crowd. There was a cheer at the sight of his military uniform Then the cheer waned, became a murmur of uncertainty, followed by an undertone of discussion. Presently somebody said

"'Say that ain't Sherman, that's Mark Twain' which brought another cheer

"Then Sherman had to come out, too, and the result was that both spoke They kept this up at the different stations and sometimes Robert Lincoln came out with them and when the train was time all three spoke much to the satisfaction of their audiences"

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Two Dramatic and Contrasting Episodes in Her Life.

Thistelton Dyer, in his Royalty in All Ages describes two dramatic and tragically contrasted episodes in the life of Marie Antoinette, the love and ill fated queen of France One in the days of her greatest popularity when she went to the opera of Iphigenia' when Achilles came to the lines 'Let us sing and celebrate the queen' he turned toward the radiant young sovereign and sang two additional impromptu lines of charming compliment This graceful and unexpected homage so delighted the audience that "all was shouting and clapping of hands, and what never happened at the opera before—the chorus was encored, and there were cries of 'Long live the queen" at which expression of feeling her majesty was so affected that she shed tears."

On the next occasion, when Marie Antoinette's sun of popular favor had set and she was nearing the tragic close of her life, one of the actresses in "Unforeseen Events" bowed to her as she sang the words "Ah how I love my mistress!" In a moment all was in uproar and the theater was full of hoarse, angry cries of 'No mistress No master' Liberty'" and 'No master No queen'" and it was some minutes before the tumult quieted down and it was possible to proceed with the play

Keeping Peace at Home

How do they do it—the couples who win the Dunmow flitches by going a whole year without a quarrel? Tact undoubtedly plays a part One recalls the simple system of a Sussex couple to keep peace at home When the wife came in a little ruffled she flung her shawl over her left shoulder and the husband knew that silence was golden. If he came home with hat cocked forward the wife knew that something was wrong and she likewise lay low It's the simplest tact that keeps the peace at home, where you may never be at a loss for the quarrel you look for.—London Chronicle.

"It Suits to a T."

The clause "It suits to a T," meaning it fits exactly, is as old as the familiar instrument the T square or T rule (so called from its resemblance to the letter T), used by mechanics and draftsmen for making angles true and for obtaining perpendiculars. The expression was in common use in the time of Dr. Johnson, who is quoted by Boswell as saying of Wharburton, "You see they'd have 'fitted him to a T."

Rightly Named.

Hewitt—Why do you call this your grill room? Jewitt—This is where my wife corners me when I get in late at night.—New York Globe.

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